

OCTOBER, 1922

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

A Princess of the Passion - T. A. Maguire

Laymen's Retreat Movement in Scranton

Brother Vincent's Rosary - Florence Gilmore

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1922

No. 3

A Princess of the Passion

T. A. MAGUIRE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, on September 30th, a Carmelite nun—now widely known—died in a convent of her order at Lisieux, France. Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face is known by more than one name. The Church styles her "Venerable", though her years on earth were but twenty-four. Multitudes of the faithful have learned to love her as "The Little Flower of Jesus."

Besides these, Sister Therese herself chose another title: "A Princess of the . . . Passion." In the devotion which that title implies we find the secret of that holy joy which made her both saintly and lovable.

On this, the silver jubilee of her entry into glory, no better tribute can be given her than to point out how easy is the path she trod. For whilst it is true that God has given us all some small way to set the world rejoicing, it is no less true that we can give only what we have, whether faith or joy or love. So that to many it will be a welcome revelation to learn how Sister Therese, filling her own heart to overflowing, poured out and continues to pour out her gladness on mankind.

Let the story of how Therese's devotion to the

Sacred Passion brought comfort to herself and to others be told, for the most part, in her own words.

One Sunday during the year 1878 a venerable looking man was present in a church at Lisieux with his five-and-a-half year old daughter. They were Louis Martin and his child, Therese. Often before these two had listened attentively to the word of God. But for the child, this particular Sunday was to be a memorable one. Of the sermon preached on that day, Therese wrote in later years: "A sermon on the Passion of Our Lord was the first I understood, and it touched me deeply. After that I was able to understand and appreciate all instructions." From that early date, her every important action seems to have been performed with her eyes upon the Crucifix.

During the children's retreat for First Holy Communion, she was easily distinguished from her companions by a large Crucifix which, missionary style, she thrust into her belt. Such simple devotion

was not mere childish show. As her tiny fingers felt at the figure on the Cross, they lingered at each great wound until her young heart learned one of the greatest lessons of the Passion. In her thanksgiving after Holy Communion she often re-



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peated that ardent petition from the Imitation: "O my God, Who art all sweetness, turn for me into bitterness all the consolations of earth." Strange prayer for a child of eleven years! Strange that already she was seeking the way to happiness as the saints sought it! Yet it is not surprising when we remember that imitation is the most pronounced trait of childhood. A saintly father and pious sisters taught her something of the Cross, and she was not slow in enlarging on these lessons.

A MONTH after her First Communion, she received Confirmation with these sentiments: "I looked with joy for the promised Comforter, gladdened by the thought I should soon be a perfect Christian, and have the holy Cross, the symbol of this wondrous Sacrament, traced on my forehead for eternity."

To such a faithful young heart, always on the watch for something to recall His Passion, God could hardly refuse special graces. One Sunday, closing her book at the end of Mass, a picture of Our Lord on the Cross half slipped out showing only one of His Divine Hands pierced and bleeding.

"I felt," she says, "an indescribable thrill such as I had never felt before. My heart was torn with grief to see that Precious Blood falling to the ground, and no one caring to treasure It as It fell; I resolved to remain continually in spirit at the foot of the Cross, that I might receive the Divine Dew of Salvation and pour it forth upon souls. From that day, the cry of my dying Saviour—"I thirst!" sounded incessantly in my heart, and kindled therein a burning desire hitherto unknown to me—I felt myself consumed with thirst for souls, and I longed at any cost to snatch sinners from the everlasting flames of hell."

SOON, very soon, her resolve to remain at the foot of the Cross bore fruit. At that time a brutal murderer, Pranzini, was about to suffer the death sentence. The little friend of Jesus Crucified could not bear the thought of this poor wretch continuing in the impenitence he had thus far manifested. She wondered whether some of the peace and love which came to her from Christ could not be brought to that hardened heart. Offering for the criminal's conversion the infinite merits of Our Saviour, she said, in all simplicity: "My God, I am quite sure Thou wilt pardon this

unhappy Pranzini. I should still think so if he did not confess his sins or give any sign of sorrow because I have such confidence in Thy unbounded Mercy; but this is my first sinner, and therefore I beg for his soul."

The day after Pranzini's execution she hastily opened the paper, "La Croix". Tears betrayed her emotion and she was obliged to run out of the room. Pranzini had mounted the scaffold without confessing or receiving absolution, and the executioner was already dragging him to the fatal block, when all at once—apparently in answer to a sudden inspiration—he turned around, seized the crucifix which the priest was offering to him, and kissed Our Lord's Sacred Wounds three times.

"I had obtained," continues this little Passion Princess, "the soul I asked for, and to me it was especially sweet. Was it not when I saw the Precious Blood flowing from the Wounds of Jesus that the thirst for souls first took possession of me? I wished to give them to drink of the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb that It might wash away their stains, and the lips of my first-born had been pressed to these Divine Wounds. After receiving this grace my desire for the salvation of souls increased day by day."

THE growing zeal of the girl Therese speaks eloquently of the time she spent in company with her Crucifix. "Upon souls I poured forth the Precious Blood of Jesus, and to Jesus I offered these souls refreshed with the dew of Calvary. In this way I thought to quench His thirst; the more I gave Him to drink, so much the more did the thirst of my own soul increase."

This was to be her vocation—to bring to souls the only true comfort on earth—friendship with their God. She knew that if her weakness was to share in the power and wisdom of Christ, she must partake of His sufferings. Sickness almost to death, opposition to her vocation, trials within and without bore down upon Therese. Nothing daunted by these but minding only Him who looked forward to His Passion, she added her own voluntary sacrifices. No!—not the long vigil and the cruel instrument of penance, but what came to hand: the checking of her inclinations, a kind word, a hidden charity.

For some time she had been seeking admis-

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sion to the Carmelite Convent. Finally Leo XIII. gave permission for her to enter at the age of fifteen. "I have come," she declared, "to save souls, and especially to pray for priests . . . Our Lord made me understand that it was by the Cross He would give me souls; the more crosses I met with, the stronger grew my attraction for suffering."

From its first growth, this Little Flower had clung very close to the Cross. Transplanted to Carmel she acknowledged that she "turned to the Director of Directors, and unfolded under the shadow of His Cross, having for refreshing dew His Tears and His Precious Blood, and for radiant sun His Adorable Face. Therese (she herself is speaking) looks only on the Face of her Beloved, to catch a glimpse of the Tears which delight her with their secret charm. She longs to wipe away those Tears, or to gather them up like priceless diamonds."

Her profession she considered as an alliance with the suffering God-Man. "Tomorrow I shall be the Spouse of Jesus, of Him Whose 'look was hidden and despised.'" Religious life was what she had expected, and the sacrifices were never a matter of surprise. Indeed, she eagerly sought what was painful and disagreeable. All that God asked of her she gave without hesitation or reserve.

By what means did she turn the bitter and hard things of life into sweetness? Let her answer for herself. "During my postulancy, it cost me a great deal to perform certain exterior penances, customary in our convents, but I never yielded once; it seemed to me that the *image of my Crucified Lord* looked at me with beseeching eyes, and begged these sacrifices."

ONE day a novice came to her grieving bitterly over a recently committed fault. "Take your Crucifix", said Therese, "and kiss it." The novice kissed the Feet.

"Is that how a child kisses its Father? Throw your arms at once around His Neck and kiss His Face." When the novice had done so, Therese continued: "That is not sufficient—He must return your caress." The sorrowing child pressed the Crucifix to both cheeks, whereupon the little mistress in the ways of God's Mercy added: "Now, all is forgiven."

The teaching of such tender love of Christ Crucified to those about her was but the overflow of her personal devotion to our Saviour. How that devotion became a master motive in her life is well worth learning by every soul.



"While in the world", she informs us, "I used, on waking to think of all the pleasant and unpleasant things which might happen throughout the day, and if I saw nothing but worries I arose with a heavy heart. Now it is quite the reverse. I think of the pains and of the sufferings awaiting me, and I rise, feeling all the more courageous and light of heart in proportion to the opportunities I foresee of proving my love for Our Lord. . . . Then I kiss my Crucifix, and laying it gently on my pillow, I leave it there while I dress, and I say: 'My Jesus, Thou hast toiled and wept enough during Thy three-and-thirty years on this miserable earth. Rest Thee, today! It is my turn to suffer and to fight.'"

HE would go through the day seeking opportunities to do something for the weary Christ:—"A smile or a kind word, for instance, when I would wish to be silent, or to show that I am bored. If no such occasions offer, I try at least to say over and over again that I love Him. This is not hard, and it keeps alive the fire in my heart."

Sister Therese was accustomed to say that she never did any great penances. That was because fervor counted as nothing, those that were allowed her. It is told, however, that once she fell ill

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through wearing for too long a time a small iron Cross, studded with sharp points, that pressed into her flesh. And though she actually confessed that she knew of no ecstasy preferable to sacrifice, her comfort consisted in accepting what God sent.

In her correspondence she did not fail to teach others the sure way of walking. "Our Divine Lord asks no sacrifice beyond our strength. When He demands the sacrifice of all that is dearest on earth (she is writing to an aspirant to the foreign missions) it is impossible without a very special grace not to cry out as He did in His Agony in the Garden: 'My Father, let this chalice pass from Me!' But we must hasten to add: 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' It is so consoling to think that Jesus, 'the Strong God,' has felt all our weakness. . . . It is His wish you should begin your mission even now and save souls through the Cross. Was it not by suffering and death that He ransomed the world?"

And again: "On this earth where everything changes, one thing alone does never change—our Heavenly King's treatment of His friends. From the day He raised the standard of the Cross in its shadow all must fight and win."

TO the Holy Face she had a particular attraction. She sent a picture of It to her sister Celine with these words that seem almost prophetic: "The contemplation of this Divine subject seems to me to belong in a special way to my little sister. May she be another Veronica and wipe away all the Blood and Tears of Jesus, her only love! May she give Him souls!"

It is truly remarkable that Celine later reproduced so faithfully the likeness of our Lord, from the Holy Winding Sheet of Turin. When this precious relic was exposed in 1898, photography revealed the fact that it was a kind of "negative" from which a print could be made. From one of these blurred prints, Celine, after six months' devoted work, produced an admirably appealing copy. To this representation, Pope Pius X. attached numerous indulgences. At the same time he granted 300 days' indulgence for every recitation of a prayer to the Holy Face composed by Sister Therese. Thus she succeeded in perpetuating devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and Savior.

Nor was her apostolate one of mere exhortation. She used a surer means of bringing God's grace and love to souls. "How wonderful", she

exclaims, "is the power of prayer. In it and in sacrifice lies all my strength; experience has taught me that they touch hearts far more easily than words. . . . The Creator of the Universe awaits the prayer of a poor soul to save a multitude of other souls, ransomed, like herself at the price of His precious Blood."

"True love feeds on sacrifice." Such was Therese's conviction from meditating on the Passion. "I will let no tiny sacrifice pass, no look, no word. I wish to suffer for Love's sake, and for Love's sake even to rejoice. . . . I will sing always even if my roses must be gathered from amidst thorns; and the longer and sharper the thorns, the sweeter shall be my song."

HIS spirit made her wish for every vocation. "I feel called to the Priesthood and to the Apostolate. . . . I would be a Martyr, a Doctor of the Church. I should like to accomplish the most heroic deeds. . . . I long to die on the field of battle in defense of Holy Church. . . . I would travel every land and raise on heathen soil the standard of the Cross. . . . Above all, I thirst for the Martyr's crown—"Like Thee, O my Adorable Spouse, I would be scourged, I would be mocked, I would be crucified!"

BEARING in mind Him Who loved us unto death, Therese made an offering of herself to God to be a victim of His love. A few days later she received a sign that her offering had been accepted.

"I was in Choir", she says, "beginning the Way of the Cross, when I felt suddenly wounded by a dart of fire so ardent that I thought I should die. It seemed as though an invisible force plunged me wholly into fire. . . . But, oh! what fire! what sweetness. . . . One second more, and my soul must have been set free. Alas! I found myself again on earth. . . ."

This martyrdom of love was God's way of fulfilling her life-long desire. A touching story is told of her when, at the age of fifteen, she was visiting Rome. In the Coliseum she wished to kiss the ground where so many Martyrs had shed their blood for Christ. To her disappointment she was told that the real arena was buried far below. In the center, indeed, excavations had been made, but

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no one dared enter the dangerous caverns, even were it possible to get over rubbish piled around them. What was the surprise of the party and the dismay of her father to see Therese scrambling over the ruins which crumbled under her feet.

"Come", she called to her sister, "follow me, we shall be able to get through." Unmindful of the fatigue and danger the two reached a stone marked with a Cross where—as the guide had told them—the martyrs had fought the good fight. They threw themselves on their knees, and their brave hearts beat violently as they pressed their lips to the dust once red-dened with the blood of the early Christians. "I begged," says Therese, "for the grace to be a martyr for Jesus and I felt in the depths of my heart that my prayer was heard." At her profession she asked for the same favor with earnestness.

She had walked Calvaryward on the rugged path of pain, and now she was about to ascend the bleak summit to die a Victim of Love. It was on *Good Friday* that she first felt convinced that she would soon be stretched upon the Cross. At Midnight on Holy Thursday, she returned to her poor cell. Scarcely had her head touched the pillow when she felt a hot stream rise to her lips.

Listen to the words of this child of the Passion! "I thought I was going to die, and my heart almost broke with joy." At five o'clock in the morning she went to the window and found her handkerchief soaked with blood. "What hope was mine!" she continues, "I was firmly convinced that on this anniversary of His Death, my Beloved had allowed me to hear His first call."

SHE made so little of the hemorrhage that the Prioress allowed her to practice all the Penances prescribed for Good Friday. In the afternoon a novice saw her cleaning windows. Her

face was livid and her energy nearly spent. But Sister Therese refused to be relieved, saying that she was quite able to bear this fatigue on the day when Jesus had suffered and died.

Many long months of pain succeeded this attack. Accustomed to see her suffering, yet always joyous and brave, the Mother allowed her to take part in the community exercises, some of which tired her extremely. But at last the day of her deliverance drew near. A few days before its coming, this young nun who was suffering with such sweet peace, said: "The death of Love which I so much desire is that of Jesus upon the Cross."

She warned the Superior-ess: "Do not be troubled, dear Mother, if I suffer much and show no sign of peace at the end. Did not Our Lord Himself die a Victim of Love, and see how great was His Agony!"

Her wish was granted. Darkness enveloped her and her soul was steeped in anguish. Yet she was in peace. On the afternoon of Sept. 30, 1897, she who for weeks had been unable to raise herself in bed, sat up and exclaimed: "Dear Mother, the chalice is full to overflowing . . . I can only explain it by my extreme desire to save souls . . . I do not regret having surrendered myself to Love." A little later, after thanking the community

with her sweetest smile, she was given over to love and suffering, and with the Crucifix clasped in her failing hands, she entered on the final combat.

A few minutes after seven, the little sufferer asked: "Is it not the Agony? Am I not going to die?"

"Yes, my child," answered the Mother, "it is the agony, but Jesus perhaps wills that it be prolonged for some hours."

In a sweet and plaintive voice she replied: "Ah, very well, then . . . I do not wish to suffer less."

(Continued on page 100)



The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

VIII. The Guilds Back Again

THE guilds of the Middle Ages, so the historians tell us, brought the Golden Age of labor. The underlying principles of the guilds will do the same again. Catholics erected the guilds of the Ages of Faith, and they can and should help to do so now. For unless the underlying principles of the guilds are made to live again, our industrial system will not furnish the people who work, a fitting share of the rewards of their work.

In their Pastoral Letter of two years ago, the American Bishops say that the underlying principle of the economic system of the Middle Ages is the only one that will give stability to industrial society. By declaring that this principle "should be applied to our present system as rapidly as conditions will permit," they urge us to action. The underlying principle is specified in the Pastoral Letter: "The workers were gradually obtaining a larger share in the ownership of the lands upon which, and the tools with which, they labored."

THE guilds are referred to especially. In the guild system the working people owned the things with which they worked. They then joined together into brotherhoods along the lines of their occupations, and these brotherhoods were called guilds. Guildsmen were strong as individuals through their ownership of productive property and they got greater strength from the guild to which they belonged. The ban on usury, the practice of the "just price", the fact that there were many guilds and that the community was a guild community, helped to stabilize prices and protect the consumers from harm. Indeed, the guilds helped greatly to preserve a just price and guarantee quality to the consumers.

Since in the Middle Ages modern machinery and large scale production had not yet been invented the guilds were organizations of small producers who had only a small market and were engaged in handicraft work. A modern guild system will have to be one in which the principles of the guilds are applied to a new world—a world of machinery, large scale mechanical production and markets.

BUT it is all the more necessary for us to have a guild system, because the blind and insensate use of machinery and the boundless wealth it produces has reached a critical point. We have had brains and will power enough to discover and invent things to use. We have not yet learned how to use them for the welfare of human beings.

If we can make the guild system live we will subordinate and make the best use of the comforts and wealth that science, discovery and invention have opened to us. We cannot restore the guild system just as it was, but what is better we can restore it to an age that is incalculably richer in physical comforts.

When the Bishops' Program—not the Bishops' Pastoral Letter—said that the majority of the workers should not remain mere wage earners, but should become owners, at least in part, of the instruments of production they pointed out that co-operative production and co-partnership arrangements will enable them to reach this point.

In other words, co-operative production and co-partnership arrangements are methods of advancing towards and in part realizing the guild system today.

USUALLY co-operative productive organizations are small because the working people have not enough capital to start a large concern, and because a large concern is more difficult to direct. There are not many of them in the United States; just as with consumers' co-operation, so with producers' co-operation in city industry, we are backward. Still we have a few of them scattered over the country that are doing successful work.

One field for them that has been tried in this country, though more extensively abroad, is the building trades. Building tradesmen join together in an organization, hire an architect, secure contracts, arrange for credit, purchase equipment and building materials, pay wages and salaries to themselves, finish the construction and then divide the surplus among themselves.

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Another thing that can be done is for a group of workingmen to establish a factory by putting in some money and selling preferred stock and bonds to outsiders. They keep the common stock, and this gives them control of the factory and the rest of the returns after interest is paid on the preferred stock and bonds.

They can hire an executive and technicians who would share likewise in the ownership of the common stock. This is the usual way to start a factory or open a mine and there does not appear to be any valid reason why workingmen should not do this as well as, for example, a group of absentee capitalists.

CO-PARTNERSHIP arrangements also form a satisfactory point from which to start towards the guild system. Here again we have the experience of Catholics abroad to help us.

The Catholics of the Confederation of Labor in Italy have blazed the trail. In all concerns employing over ten persons, according to their proposal, the profits, after interest is paid on the capital stock, are to be divided between the stockholders and all those employed in the concern. The workers are to use their profits to buy out the capital stock and turn it into "labor stock" which is owned personally. Works' councils in each concern are to supervise and control the stock until the holders of "labor stock" become strong.

The process of buying out the capital stock is to go on until all is converted into "labor stock". In case of death or when leaving the concern, the "labor stock" is resold to the concern. "Labor stock" receives only interest, and the rest of the returns after all the capital stock is bought out goes to all those who work in the concern.

WHEN the proposal was made it was added that the principle could be applied to industries owned and operated by the Italian Government. Since that time the Railroad Men's Union in the Confederation have proposed to the Italian Government that the railroads owned by the Government should be directed in part by the railroad men, and that the railroad men should share in the profits.

Personal ownership of shares of stock in the railroads was not asked for, but it is to be noted that they wish to share in the control and the profits of the industry and that these form two of the elements of ownership. They want a guild in a government-owned industry and as close an application of workers' ownership as is possible in an industry which they believe the government should own.

Such a plan could well be applied to a large part of American industry. It appears also to be in harmony with a resolution passed by the 1921 Convention of the American Federation of Labor which called for equality in rights, privileges and immunities between the owners of stock and those who work in corporations. Owners of industry share in the management and returns.

IF the workers are to have the rights, privileges and immunities of ownership, they, too will share in the management and returns. But the natural thing for those who share in management and profits is to re-invest their profits, increase ability and enthusiasm in the concern in which they work, and in whose profits they share. The logic of the A. F. L. resolution includes, therefore, the proposal of the Italian Catholics.

Co-operative production, the use of profit sharing to secure workers' ownership, and the application of workmen's sharing in management and returns to what few industries it might be necessary for the government to own, seem now to stand among the things to be done to bring on the guild system. Such arrangements would go far also toward helping the consumers, though the government might specifically protect them, through limiting the amount of profits to be shared under such arrangements.

A sense of stewardship for the talents which lie buried in the soil of the earth, a decent respect for the dignity of a human being and the worth of human labor, zeal for justice, and above all charity or brotherly love—these must be possessed in no small measure before a guild system can be successfully erected. But what does this mean if not true Christianity? And what does that mean but that Catholics must practice their Faith and apply its teachings to every part of their life?

Saints and Sinners

LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

Curra, is an intriguing woman of "high society" in Madrid. She habitually neglects her children, a son and a daughter, as well as her husband, and involves herself in various political schemes of a questionable character.

A revolution, which forces the Italian "usurper" Amadeo from the Spanish throne and establishes a republic in Spain, drives many of the Spanish loyalists to Paris, among whom is Curra.

Jacob Tellez, husband of Elvira, Marchioness of Sabadell, whom he has deserted, is a libertine and politician of the worst type. Although Spanish ambassador to Constantinople, he has been forced to flee his post and the city on account of some dark plot with the Cadi's wife; nevertheless attracts the favorable attention of Curra, his cousin.

Jacob, on his return, was entrusted by Victor Emmanuel, with important Masonic documents, for Amadeo. In desperate straits, Jacob steals the documents, hoping thereby to find a new opening to political power. "Uncle" Frasquito comes upon him unexpectedly and Jacob rashly gives him the Masonic seals.

Finding himself in stringent financial circumstances, Jacob hypocritically seeks reconciliation with his virtuous wife, but in this he is foiled by Father Cifuentes, and her friend, the Marchioness of Villasis.

At a fashionable opera, Curra notices that Jacob is attracted by a strange woman in one of the boxes, who is called the "lady of the camellias" because not one of her associates knows her name.

Jacob continues his frequent visits to Curra's house, because he finds it lucrative. Curra's son Luis is rapidly becoming estranged from his mother, and in a moment of anger attacks Jacob. He flings him off, and the boy's head strikes a bronze vase. The impact renders him unconscious, and his head is wounded. At this moment his sister Lili rushes to his aid, and stretches blood-stained hands towards her mother, shrieking: "Blood, mother, Blood!"

Curra, desirous of binding Jacob to her still more closely, paints a portrait of herself and presents it to him encased in a handsomely wrought silver frame. To obtain this frame she ruthlessly dislodges sacred relics, highly prized by her forebears.

Jacob suddenly disappears, without a word of explanation to Curra as to the cause of his going or his destination.

Curra, annoyed and humiliated beyond endurance, projects a bazaar, ostensibly to help the wounded soldiers, but in reality to gain entrance to the home of the "mysterious ladies" and gain some information concerning Jacob and his whereabouts. She obtains the interview, and the promise of a prize for the bazaar.

At the last moment, whilst a large assemblage is gathered, the prize comes, and Curra beholds the silver frame she had given to Jacob but instead of encasing her own portrait, she beholds that of her hated rival, "the lady of the Camellias."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER V.

JACOB was exceedingly happy when he awoke. He had won over five thousand dollars at the Casino the evening before, where he had played till four in the morning. But before reason or a man's physical senses are fully awake, there is something in a man's soul which stirs to life, and which is called remorse. Remorse touched Jacob's soul, in spite of his gain of five thousand dollars, as there came before his eyes the vision of the horrified faces of the wife and children of the man who had lost them, a professional gambler, yet the father of a large family.

Jacob turned restlessly in his bed, casting remorse aside with an effort of his now awakened will, and rang his bell. Damian entered, bringing the morning's mail, which he placed at Jacob's side on a small table. He drew the curtains aside,

and entered the bathroom to run his master's bath. Jacob was lazy, and it was only with a great effort that he raised himself up in bed, although it was already half after twelve.

HE picked up the letters on the table, and as he did so, his attention was focused on one which bore the Congressional seal; from its touch he thought he felt some small object within. He turned the letter over, examining the envelope carefully and with a perplexed expression, noting the unfamiliar handwriting. He finally opened it: inside was a blank sheet of paper, folded in two, to which had been carefully glued a large seal of greenish wax about the size of an American silver dollar.

THE † SIGN

Jacob could not at first make out what this was, of as the light came filtering but feebly through his windows. He leaned out of bed to secure more light so as to examine the device on the seal more carefully. There was a square and a compass in the form of a pentagraph, with a branch of acacia: the emblem of the Masons.

A TERRIFYING suspicion flashed through his mind. He leaped out of bed, and ran out onto the balcony in order to see the strange letter and the seal still more clearly. The seal, if not the same, was at least exactly similar to the ones he had taken from the Masonic documents at the Grand Hotel in Paris. What was the meaning of this? Was this intended as a mere joke or was it a threat or warning? He stood on the balcony looking across the street seeking some solution of the problem. He noticed an officer of the Guards pass down the street into the Calle Turco.

The Calle Turco! There four years before, there had been an assassination, yet another assassination, of a friend of his, a well known man, who had often done him favors, the favors which one wolf does for another. The hand of the Masons had been manifest in that affair, and he knew well enough what he might expect. It was for that very reason that he had been forced to flee to Constantinople, only to land once more in a pool of blood; and to flee away again, to Italy, to France, and now to Spain once more.

JACOB felt chilled to the bone; his very soul turned cold within him. He crept into bed again, and hid his face among his pillows, that he might think the more clearly, and not be bothered by ugly visions of General Prim, the Cadi's wife, the dead eunuch, all of whom danced before his eyes like actors seeking applause before the curtain at the end of a successful play. This is what had happened; and after such a joyous awakening, his mind filled with ideas of how to hide his gain from the knowledge of his creditors!

Damian appeared discreetly to inquire whether the master was ready for the bath, as the warm water was rapidly getting cold.

"Yes! Yes! I'm coming," answered Jacob. While putting on his wrapper and slippers, he decided that the best way of getting to the bottom

of this affair, was to ask Uncle Frasquito what he had done with the three seals which he had given him in the hotel. This idea made him feel calmer. Probably the whole affair was someone's little joke.

After all, the Spanish Masons had no right to demand an explanation of what he had done with the documents. He belonged to an Italian lodge. And the letter was from Madrid, since it bore the Congressional seal. What nonsense! Why worry? He had been right—he couldn't have chased the deposed Amadeo all over the world to give him the documents.

HE laughed heartily at his previous fears, and when he was dressed, asked for his hat and umbrella. He glanced, however, suspiciously at Damian. Could the fellow be bribed with Masonic gold? Who was Damian anyway? Probably as rascally as any other servant. There were but two kinds of men: those who were already hung, and those who should be. But again he laughed at his inane worries.

"Will you be lunching home, sir?"

"No."

"The coachman is waiting for his orders."

"Let him go and return at four o'clock."

Rain was falling drearily and steadily. Jacob hailed a cab, and ten minutes afterwards was at Uncle Frasquito's door.

UNCLE FRASQUITO, immaculately clean, beautifully combed and dyed, was at breakfast in his dining room. He welcomed Jacob eagerly, ordering another breakfast for him, filled with an eager desire to vent his verbal wrath on Diogenes, who had placed him in such an outrageous position the day before with one of his infernal jokes. The man ought to be put in jail! It was outrageous the manner in which he behaved! After this explosion, he paused a moment, and noticed that Jacob was not eating.

"What's the matter? You have touched nothing but the oysters?"

"I do not feel hungry."

"Nor do I," said Uncle Frasquito, as he swallowed an enormous mouthful. "But why aren't you breakfasting at Curra's today?"

"I had to see you."

THE † SIGN

"Ah!" said the old man. He glanced in a startled manner at Jacob. What was the fellow up to?

"Do you recall the evening your nightcap caught on fire at the Grand Hotel?" asked Jacob.

Uncle Frasquito grew pale. He was thoroughly alarmed, and looked around hastily at the servants. "Hush! Be careful! Let's have our coffee in the parlor, where no one can disturb us."

THEY withdrew to the drawing room, and the coffee was served. Jacob had seated himself in an easy chair and was smoking an excellent cigar which Uncle Frasquito had given him. The latter carefully produced a gold snuff-box and took a large pinch of snuff, grimacing the while.

"My only vice," he exclaimed. "Quite a secret. No one knows about it. Hidden sins are always pardoned." He sneezed three times, hoping that his conversation and grimaces would distract Jacob from the subject of that nightcap. But the latter, as soon as the servants had retired from the room, again questioned him: "Do you remember that night?"

Uncle Frasquito timidly answered that he did.

Jacob continued: "Do you remember the three wax seals, two green and one red, which I gave you that night?"

"Surely! Surely!" stuttered Uncle Frasquito, much relieved.

"What did you do with them?"

"I put them in my album. Do you want to see them?"

"Yes."

UNCLE FRASQUITO, his fears temporarily relieved, hastened to secure his album. "It is the best collection in Europe," he said, as he opened the volume enthusiastically. He searched the index, as the album was divided into different sections: royal, national and miscellaneous seals. Looking through the miscellaneous selection, Uncle Frasquito found: "Masonic seals—Marquis of Sabadell—Page 117," for the collector was grateful enough to write the name of the donor under each gift.

Page 117 was found. Uncle Frasquito suddenly looked at Jacob, and Jacob looked at Uncle Frasquito. There were many seals on the page, but two places were blank. Above both spaces was

written "Masonic seals", and below "Marquis of Sabadell." The seals themselves were not there. Jacob, pale and choking, demanded: "And the red one: where is that?"

Uncle Frasquito was frightened by Jacob's emotion, and hardly dared say a word as he looked frantically among the royal seals, murmuring: "It was Victor Emmanuel's: I remember. Among the kings of Italy."

After considerable fumbling, he turned to page 98, which was filled with royal seals. Between one of the Duke of Parma and another of King Ferdinand of Naples there was a blank space. Above this was written "King of Sardinia," and below it, "Marquis of Sabadell."

JACOB struck the arm of his chair a terrific blow: "You have ruined me completely."

"Jacob! Heavens! What in the name of God is the matter?" cried Uncle Frasquito, half dead with terror.

"You have ruined me. Ruined me!" repeated Jacob.

And urged on by his fear and the confusion in his stupified mind, Jacob rashly told the old man, if not the guiltiest, at least the most dangerous part of his Masonic adventure. Uncle Frasquito was horrified, and fancied that he saw Masonic daggers already darting from behind the curtains. He walked rapidly around, stumbling over everything in his way, like a rabbit blinded by the sunlight.

"What a fate! Jacob, you knew I did not wish to take those seals. You wanted me to take them. To please you, I took them. I did not need them, I do not need them, and I don't want to have anything to do with the gentlemen to whom they belong. You understand? Don't count on me. I shall explain everything, and wash my hands of the whole affair."

He stopped suddenly. Then struck his forehead violently, and sat down again.

"I understand now! I see it all. What have I done to deserve all this?"

"What? What?" demanded Jacob anxiously. The poor old man was overcome and, fearing his own weakness, decided to seek the help of the stronger and cleverer Jacob. He grasped Jacob by the arm and led him into his bedroom. He opened a small drawer in a beautiful chiffonier of rosewood and pulled out a package of letters.

THE † SIGN

HE had received these within the last three months! It was enough to drive anyone mad. He had been merely annoyed at first; then he had become angry; and now, now he was terrified; it made his hair stand on end!

"I remember everything. The ninth of December I received a letter from St. Petersburg." And Uncle Frasquito showed the top letter of the package, whose stamp undoubtedly bore the likeness of Tsar Alexander II.

"I opened the letter and discovered this." He opened a sheet of paper, perfectly blank save in the center where there appeared the single word: "IDIOT!"

Jacob could not help laughing in spite of his fear. But Uncle Frasquito continued sadly: "You laugh? Just listen! I lay awake all night thinking, 'Idiot. St. Petersburg.' I could not solve the problem. Next day another letter arrived. From Chinchon, Jacob! I opened it and there was the same word: *Idiot!* Next day a letter from Fuenteovejuna, in Cordova, with the same word. Every day since then I have received letters in different handwritings, from France, England, Germany, Calcutta, Constantinople, all bearing the same word, *Idiot!* Isn't this enough to set anyone mad? Doesn't it help to explain the mystery about your letter with the seal?"

JACOB began to see that there was no one in the entire world capable of playing such a joke on this poor old fool unless it were the indefatigable Diogenes. With undiminished wonder, he asked: "And you have really received one every day?"

"Not a day is missing! Of course, if the letter came from any great distance, it might be several days before I got it; but it always came in the end. Not one is missing! There is a letter for every day from the ninth of December to the fifteenth of March, today! That makes ninety-seven *idiots!*"

Jacob did not feel in the humor for trifling, and he soon forgot his merriment over this joke, which he was sure no one but Diogenes could have invented and carried through. By now he had repented of having told part of his secret to Uncle Frasquito, particularly after the cowardly old man's threat, and he determined to secure his silence by making him think that he was himself in a position of great danger. He looked over the letters with

care, and finally said with conviction: "This must be the work of the Masons! They have sentenced me for what I have done, and you they term an idiot for having helped me."

"But that's not true," cried Uncle Frasquito. "I didn't help you. I took the seals only because you presented them to me."

"Which means," continued Jacob steadily, "that if they catch me, they will get after you as soon as they can catch you!"

UNCLE FRASQUITO'S tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and he cried fearfully: "I'll tell the Governor of Madrid! I'll speak to Paco Serrano!"

"You would walk into the lion's den, for they are both birds of the same feather. There is only one way out of all this. Hold your tongue to begin with, and don't even inform your shadow of what is happening."

"All right: you can depend on me for that."

"Good! Secondly, be generous with your money, for Masons or no Masons, money can accomplish wonders."

Uncle Frasquito made a gesture of resignation. Jacob continued: "Observe great caution, thirdly, in tracing the clew. Who do you think stole those seals?"

Uncle Frasquito was sure that the seals were in place several weeks ago. He had shown the album to the Baron of Buenos Ayres, an amateur collector like himself, and there had been no vacant spaces at that time. A few days after that a man who had been recommended by the fellow who made his shirts had come to call on him to sell him three very curious seals. He had again looked through the album, and since that time no one had touched it.

"Who was this fellow?"

"I don't know. A hungry-looking bird who might have been anybody."

"Here is a clew to the mystery!" said Jacob with intense interest. "Was he left alone here? Did he touch the album?"

"Of course not. Ah! yes, yes, Jacob. I remember! Vicentio Astorga called, and I received him in the parlor, so that he wouldn't see the shabby fellow. He was alone about ten minutes."

"We are on the right track now! Let's go immediately to that shirt maker."

THE † SIGN

UNCLE FRASQUITO'S carriage was at the door. They drove to the shirt maker's, an honest man who lived in the Calle de Carretas. But he knew nothing of the unknown man's identity. He knew him merely as an Italian commission merchant, a friend of a Frenchman who had had business relations with their house. Upon hearing the nationality of the unknown man, Jacob's fears increased, for he now surmised that both the Italian and Spanish lodges knew of his treachery. Accordingly he told Uncle Frasquito that it was foolish to make any further investigation, and they both returned silently to the latter's house each suspicious of the other.

On the way, Jacob's mind worked rapidly under the stress of danger, and he evolved the only plan which seemed to have a chance of warding off the consequences of his rash act. He would start that very evening for Italy, without saying a word to anyone, and at Caprera he would have an interview with Garibaldi, who had initiated him into the Masonic craft, and he would by hook or crook explain to him what had happened to the documents by some clever lie, anything at all that would get him out of the predicament in which they were involved.

MONEY he had, counting the five thousand dollars he had won, and Uncle Frasquito's purse was also at his disposal. He explained his plan of campaign to the old man when they reached his house, and concluded his explanation by stating that since they were both in the same boat, Uncle Frasquito must bear his part in the expense and give him two thousand dollars in banknotes immediately. The journey would take in all about two weeks, and when he returned they could go over the account and share whatever expenses there were between the both of them.

Uncle Frasquito was considerably upset, as he pondered over the amount which the three seals were costing him. But he was finally won over by Jacob's arguments and threats, produced the money, and said farewell to his companion with a sorrowful countenance. When he was alone again, his fears returned with redoubled force. He felt ill and took to his bed, leaving word that under no circumstances was anyone to be admitted to his house. The next day the mail brought a letter from Segura, a small village hidden in an out of the way valley in the Pyrenees. It contained the single word: *Idiot!*

His fever went up two degrees. He sent for the parish priest, for he wished to go to confession!

(To be continued)

A Princess of the Passion

(Continued from page 93)

Then looking at her Crucifix; "Oh—I love Him!—My God, I Love—Thee!"

These were her last words. Suddenly she raised herself as though called by a mysterious voice; and opening her eyes, which shone with unutterable happiness and peace—she remained that way about the space of a "Credo," when her blessed soul was borne away to the heights of Heaven.

ONLY twenty-five years have slipped by since Sister Therese's happy life closed with her happy death. Happy? That is what some one asked her once; and the saintly sufferer, smiling, pointing to a glass containing medicine of a bright red color: "You see this little glass? One would suppose it a delicious draught; whereas, in reality, it is more bitter than anything else I take. It is the image of my life. To others it has been

all rose color, yet to me it has been full of bitterness. I say bitterness, yet my life has not been a bitter one, for I have learned to find my joy and sweetness in all that is bitter."

She was a friend of Jesus Crucified—a Princess of the Passion.

Therese's own words: "It is true that His Cross has been with me from the cradle, but for that Cross He has given me a passionate love."

Therese's glory, therefore, is this—she has given us the old doctrine of pain and happiness with an attractive freshness—that of her own example. She has proven anew

"Comfort blooms on pain

And gain on loss.

What is the key to everlasting life?

A blood-stained Cross!"

The International Eucharistic Congress In Rome

GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

III

ONE thought should go back, one word of gratitude should be spoken in memory of the Pontiff who had planned the Eucharistic Congress, and who already a year ago was meditating upon its minor details. Benedict XV had eagerly desired a Roman Eucharistic Congress of Peace; he had hoped to direct it. Bishop Heylen in his preliminary address at SS. Apostoli mentioned the adherence of hundreds of Bishops all the world over. One of the first letters of acceptance came, he said, from the Archbishop of Milan, Achille Ratti, stating that he "hoped to be in Rome for this great event over which he rejoiced in advance!" So has the dream of both Pontiffs been fulfilled, and happily realized beyond expectations.

Taking it altogether, the most important feature of the Congress was the great public procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Rome, for that was epoch-making. No such procession has taken place since 1870, and

probably no procession previous to that date was on so large a scale as this one. The absence of the Sovereign Pontiff was the one regret of those who took part in it.

BEAUTIFUL, solemn, and most impressive was the start from the mother basilica of St. John Lateran, the first foundation of Constantine. It had taken nearly two hours simply to get the different contingents in order; it took one hour and three-quarters for the entire cortege to pass any given point; and when at last the Blessed Sacrament was brought forth from the square lateral en-

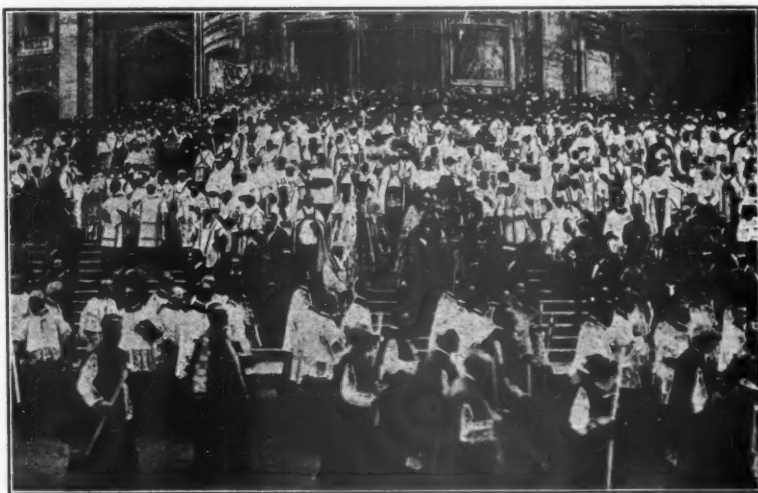
trance, it was saluted by the great bronze bells.

The line of march was to be from the Lateran to S. Maria Maggiore, with a brief halt at the little church of S. Alphonsus of the Redemptorists, where the famous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is venerated; from S. Maria to the Coliseum, where it would pause again and Benediction be given under the Arch of the First Christian Emperor, Constantine, and then return by the Stradone di S. Giovanni to enter the basilica by the great gate.

At the Arch we found a place of vantage, upon a hillock, and there the splendid array unfolded before us unobstructed. Heading the parade was a detachment of the new "Guardie del Re" in gray uniforms with crimson collars, mounted upon spir-

ited white horses and riding with short stirrups, a fine sight, smartly drilled, and in lines that did not swerve one inch. Behind them the Catholic Boy Scouts marching well, and carrying their staves like lances. These lads deserve all praise, for

they have rendered incessant service as guards and messengers at every meeting of the Congress, and many times they have given first aid to persons overcome by the heat and crush.



THE PROCESSION LEAVING ST. JOHN LATERAN.

AFTER these, the Catholic "Esploratori Nautici," the equivalent of our Junior Naval Reserve, in regulation dark blue sailor suits. Next come deputations of students from all the Catholic educational institutions, in uniforms of dark blue, black, gray, and sand color; then the College and University students, the religious associations of youth, and the Young Men's Sodalities; all these

THE † SIGN

with their banners and standards in endless numbers; from time to time a band is in line and cheers the marchers with music, but, apart from the bands, all these young men are singing almost continually, and with genuine enthusiasm, hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, or that favorite of theirs which we have heard incessantly during the Congress:

"Deh bendici, oh Madre, il voto della fè;
Vogliamo Dio che è nostro Padre,
Vogliamo Dio che è nostro Re."

"Deign to bless, O Mother, the faith that makes us sing;

We must have God, He is our Father,
We must have God, He is our King."

They do not sing it, they shout it, and when thousands of men and women join in the ringing cry, it is like some clamoring of starved souls for the God whom modernism and irreligion have tried to take from them. From time to time acclamations break forth: "Evviva Gesù Sacramentato!" . . . "Ev-

viva Maria!" And the complete cordiality and absence of human respect with which these young men respond to the cheering are a lesson to our colder manner.

THE Confraternities in white robes and with little shoulder capes of red, blue, green and violet now begin to pass, with cross and tapers, and banners of silk; then the Third Orders for seculars, wearing the habit; finally the Religious Orders of men, all bearing lighted tapers, and Rome shows her wonderful richness in monastic and conventual institutes as the infinite variety of habits passes by; one group of monks in long white robes falling in folds, and with sleeves that seem to meas-

ure two yards in width at the wrist, excites much interest, they are so noble and so cloistral; we were told at random they were Camaldolese, perhaps the hermits of S. Romuald.

The secular clergy, rank on rank, and six deep, walk before the prelates; three hundred and twenty Bishops are attending the Congress, and most of them seem to be in line; the Archbishops, the mitred Abbots, and the beautiful and hieratic Orientals, so grave always in demeanor, make superb bits in the picturesqueness of the "cortege." Seventeen Cardinals, aged, venerable men, walk every step of the way on foot.

The most medieval detail of all is the display of emblems of the basilicas; they have special priv-

ileges which they can not always produce abroad, but here are the precious objects in broad daylight; first the staff surmounted by a figure in silver gilt which looks like a Roman Victory and sets one wondering if it dates from the time of Constantine, it is so clearly imperial; but a pious neighbor assures us it is St. Mi-

chael the Archangel with wings and lance; the staff is borne by an attendant in violet and scarlet, accompanied by two similar mace-bearers.

NEXT comes the *tintinnabulus*, a unique object, a bell set in richly carved frame-work which the bearer rings at intervals; then the "sign" of the basilica, "a charming picture of the Mother and Child," for S. Maria Maggiore, "a splendid antique equilateral Cross of the Byzantine workmanship" for S. Croce in Gerusalemme. And the tents or pavilions! Each basilica has its own, of striped yellow and red, a mere symbol apparently which a man walking under it carries upon a tall staff, but all these emblems date back to the early



HEROS OF WORLD WAR AS BODY-GUARD OF THE "KING OF PEACE."

THE † SIGN

middle ages and their significance is obscure to us. They are carried in state before the Chapter, the Canons coming after them in great splendor.

ONE gazes with the wonder of a child at all these relics of a past that seems to have wholly perished. But actuality begins again with the bands of pilgrims from modern countries, "America" even walking beneath her name upon the label, followed by "Mexico"; and the excellent band of the Pope's Palatine Guard playing admirably, march past in their magenta tam o'shanter, but in civilian dress. Just before the dais is another touch of local color, a double row of foot-men in magnificent eighteenth century liveries and carrying great torches, represent the princely houses of Rome.

The beautiful canopy of white and gold with silver-gilt staves is borne by

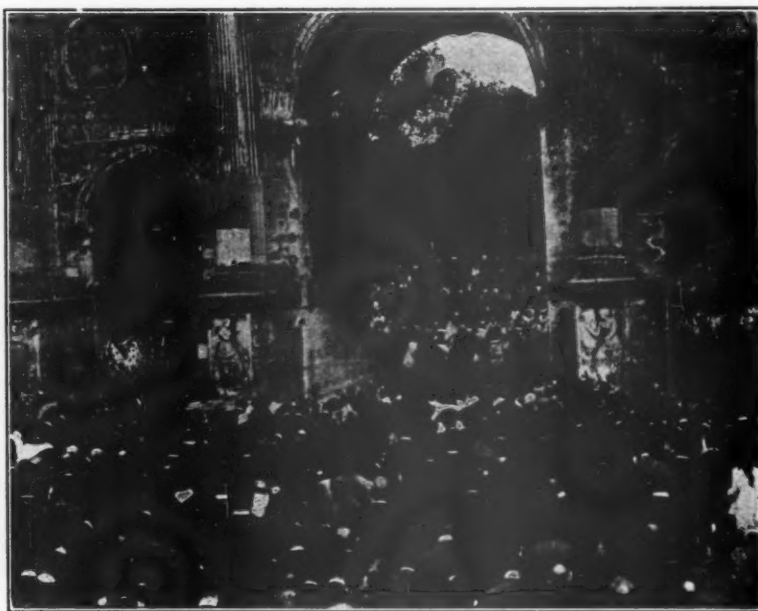
members of the Pope's Noble Guard in civilian dress, and beside each man, erect and soldierly, walks a second Guard to relieve the first at intervals. On the outer edge are the *Carabinieri Reali* in full uniform; their tall plumes of red and blue over-topping the crowd. The center of it all, the Monstrance with its fair white Host, through which the light shines, and to which all the glory and adoration rises, is borne by a Cardinal wrapped in cloth of gold, but bending his head in the recollection of the Thing he bears and which hushes the onlookers into silence.

We had chosen well, I think, in fixing upon the

Arch of Constantine as a point of vantage. Trees covered with fresh foliage were at our left, and for a background, beyond the Arch were the Meta Sudans and the Coliseum. It is Cardinal Merry Del Val, the Archpriest of S. Peter's, who carries the Blessed Sacrament here, succeeding Cardinals Pompili and Vannutelli who have brought It thus far. As he comes to the altar erected beneath the Arch, a group of boys in Spanish page costumes of black satin, children of the Roman aristocracy, advance to scatter flowers before the Lord.

All around us, in the breathless silence, people

are falling to their knees, and the Cardinal lifts high toward the shining West that Mystery which thrills the hearts of men unaccountably, signing with the Sign Constantine saw in the sky, before he lowers again to the altar that "frailest and most indestructible Thing on earth."



BENEDICTION AT THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

The Italian troops on guard, still wearing trench helmets, *present arms*, and their officers, standing in front of them, come rigidly to *salute*.

The eyes of these copper colored lancers, veterans of the great war, who saw death often, look with a wonder full of awe upon the scene before them.

CARDINAL BOURNE, Archbishop of Westminster, takes up the monstrance and the procession moves around the Coliseum toward S. John. We get a marvelous view of the whole "cortege" as winding upon the two different levels of the steep ascent the double white line

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of surplices looks like snow, and the tapers make a long S of moving fire.

By taking a short cut, we reached S. Giovanni in time to see the Blessed Sacrament pass once more. Evening is falling, the flame of the tapers is ruddy now against the coming dark, and lights up fitfully the faces of prelates and monks.

The *piazzale di S. Giovanni* is one dense, packed mass of humanity, and we experience a sense of genuine terror as the small central group beneath the canopy plunges unprotected into that sea of swaying unknown people in the dark. It seems as if something *must* happen—but there is no sign save of reverence, though the path has dwindled to barely room for the dais to pass. Around it darkness and the nameless mass.

The Cardinal ascends to the loggia over the great portal, and immediately from S. Croce searchlights are thrown upon

the facade of the Lateran Basilica; it shows clear as in daylight with the summit statues against the sky and the air turned to a blue radiance.

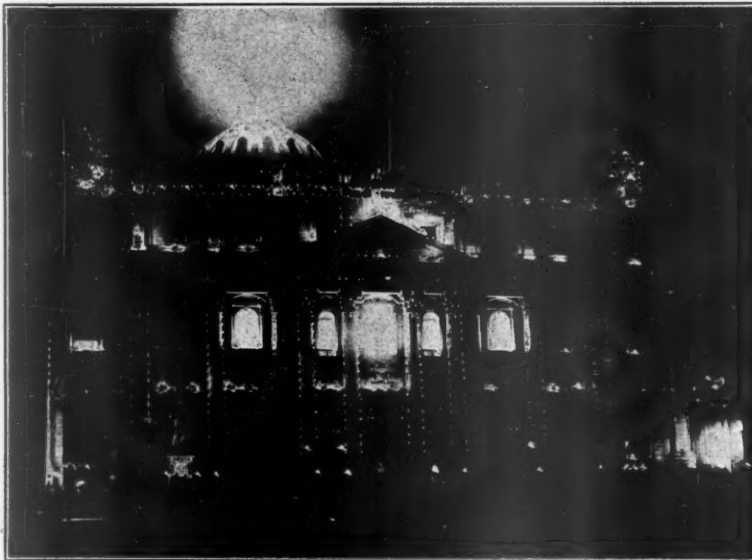
THIS is certainly the supreme moment in five marvelous days. The bells overhead begin to ring, and all the bells in Rome make answer from near and far. Slow, solemn, thousand-noted, in deep voices of men that ring an echo, the *Tantum Ergo* rises up once more; it is the grand choral song of the last Benediction, and sung with throbbing hearts; earth can give nothing more magnificently solemn than this night Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, over the thousands kneeling in the open, from the Mother Church of the world, the

first Christian basilica, and in the extraordinary light effects of the search light, of the rows of lights outlining the facade, and the softer, warmer light of the myriad tapers.

All the glory, all the splendor of the "cortege" is sunk into one immense, indefinite, human mass prostrate in darkness, while the Host, white-gleaming in the sparkling monstrance, high up there above all else, shines in a radiance clearer than daylight, and seems, in its supreme triumph and glorification, the very laughter of the Face of God.

A general illumination takes place tonight all over

the city, and the windows and balconies that had been hung with Oriental rugs, crimson damask, tapestries, and wreaths of green for the passage of the the procession, now display colored lanterns and transparencies of every kind; even the houses of the



THE ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S.

poor have muslin hangings and little lights in the windows.

The Facade of S. Peter's is so beautiful that many people go out to see it, and the tapestries with the arms of the Pope and the central one that displays the Blessed Sacrament is a Monstrance surrounded by a glory, show clearly in the bright, soft light.

The cross above Michael Angelo's great cupola has been so covered with powerful electric bulbs that the eye can scarcely endure the dazzling brilliancy of it, and it can be seen like a fiery globe at a distance of many miles.

The Congress ends, as it had begun, at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. The pilgrims are invited to

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attend a solemn Te Deum in S. Peter's on the morning of May 29th, after which the Holy Father will close the cycle of the Eucharistic celebrations with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

As at all preceding convocations, the Basilica is densely crowded, many persons having waited upon the square for the opening of the gates. The Basilica is very cool, in contrast to the outer air, which is burning. One endures with what grace one can the long tedious hours of waiting and the crush of thousands all equally bent on getting close to the altar.

HERE is a universal low murmur of innumerable voices in the air, and of restless pushing and shifting; at length the short ringing commands in the main aisle tell us that the Noble Guard are entering and taking their positions, which means that the Holy Father will soon be here.

The bugles announce his entrance into the Basilica, and, even before we can see him, like an electric current running through the edifice, the cheering, the clapping of hands, the waving of a sea of white handkerchiefs, and the cries of "*Evviva il Papa!*" in which even the treble voices of the little children join exultingly, salute the Father of the Faithful.

At length the Sedia Gestatoria appears, carrying him high above the crowd, and he is carried around the Confession to the front of the High Altar, blessing at intervals, to right and left as he goes, his peculiarly large gesture conveying some desire of his to embrace all men in the greatness

of his paternal heart, to encourage them.

HE does not speak to-day. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed and the Sovereign Pontiff kneels before It in lowly adoration. The Te Deum is sung, and bare-headed, without even the little white skill-cap, like the simplest of priests, the Holy Father ascends to the altar, and lifting the monstrance, slowly, and most reverently, imparts the Benediction of the Eucharistic King of Peace.

At this moment the Silver Trumpets ring out, sweetly shrill and eerie, and, as at the Elevation of the Mass, the swords of the Noble Guard smite the marble pavement in a prolonged light rattle as they drop the point in salute. No other sound is heard, and the silence is tense.

Then in a long breath of recovery, the military corps and the kneeling multitude rise to their feet again. The *Laudate Dominum* is sung, and amid the renewed cheers and castanet-like sound of thousands of clapping hands, the Pontiff is borne slowly out of sight.

THE Congress is over and as we pass out into the dazzling sunshine, and across that beloved immortal Piazza di San Pietro, a mere human atom in the pouring crowd of pilgrims of every nation, the spray from one of the great fountains is blown sportively into our face. And childhood is upon us again, and that joy, almost forgotten, of catching the cool dash for fun. The water seems to be laughing. "Is that you? Don't you remember us! Where have you been so long?"

DURING the Eucharistic Congress the Cross of St. Peter's was illuminated by electricity for the first time in history. On the last evening the great square of St. Peter's was a splendid spectacle. The facade of the basilica was illuminated by the historic "*fiacole*" or torches and under each arch of the vast colonnade the old tow torch was suspended. But from high above the dome a marvellous white light came in intense rays—it was

the Cross of St. Peter's illuminating all, at once a symbol of the triumph of Christ in the Eucharist, and an artistic construction of extraordinary effect. "And so," concludes a contemporary, "the Congress ended in an intense light irradiated from the Cross of St. Peter's. Could any better symbol be found of the scope and effect of the International Eucharistic Congress?"

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The Nurse Ideal

SISTER MARY URSULA, R. N.

(Conclusion)

IN the *Contagious Ward*, where pestilence must ever be apprehended, courage in its highest and holiest form may be required.

The nurse on duty may be called upon to place herself within the very jaws of death in order to do her duty. But if she can only be favored enough to picture in each plague-stricken countenance the visage of a father or mother or other loved one, she will be nerved to deeds of prudent daring that will rescue many a life from the tomb.

Above all, if she can only see in the ghastly lines of each fever-ridden face, the outlines of the face of her Master, she can supernaturalize every ministration and weave of her trials a crown.

To her dangers she can be entirely oblivious, for God will be her strong right arm. The safeguards of her profession she must not neglect. And this being done, she can take for her consolation those words of the Royal Psalmist. "Though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."

IF I were asked to indicate the greatest attribute of a nurse on duty, apart from indispensable competence, I should hazard a guess on *cheerfulness*. A smile is always easier than a frown, and it has much more therapeutic value. The cheerful word, the confident bearing, and the sympathetic touch of kindness, instill more life-saving determination into some failing mortal than all the resources of science combined.

Quackery makes use of this, why not legitimate nursing? Competence, confidence, fidelity and cheerfulness, mean everything, then in the obligations of the nurse to her fellow man. And these four constitute loyalty. Subtract them and show me the nurse who can be really true to herself.

Apart from mental defectives (the care of which I take to be a particular avocation) three other classes of cases complete the relation of nurse to patient. These three are Children, the Aged, and the Indigent Sick.

What nobler calling can claim the attention of

the whole-hearted compassionate nurse than that of providing for the ills of the suffering *little ones*?

SURELY, if anything can grip the finer tendrils of the human heart it is the mute appeal of the stricken child. To minister to its tiny wants is a consecrated service. God-like in its immaculate innocence of soul; more helpless than the offspring of the beasts of the field; more lovable than any of the creatures of God's hand; the child in sickness makes appeal more eloquent than genius could ever torture into language.

We love the child instinctively—love it for its little traits and ways that none but God can ever fully fathom. And there is no service, in all the field of nursing that calls for greater gentleness, keener observation, and more patient consideration. Small wonder indeed that the Savior of old gathered the children about Him in happy groups. Little wonder that the order proceeded from His sacred lips: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

By very reason of their baby magnetism this service appeals to the mother heart of the woman. By reason, on the other hand, of the keen discernment required to analyze their every word, look and movement, this service calls for special adaptability, and none but those who are gifted with the essentials required, should devote themselves to it as a lifetime specialty.

FOR work among the *aged*, on the other hand, almost any bright young woman is easily adapted. But she needs a sympathy broad as the horizon. She must needs visualize the mental attitude of the aged to account for their whims and caprices, their apparent obstinacy and manifest unreasonableness.

The aged man or woman is but a child in the masquerade of an adult. They have read the story of life. They know the mockery of its emptiness. They are looking upon life through a lens that time has blackened. Their hopes and aspirations, not infrequently, are but burning regrets buried in the tomb of remorse. They are but mark-

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ing time in the march that leads to their final home beyond life's tribulations.

It is a service that young women shun, and yet I know of none richer in its reward for the kindly daughter of the sick room. Some day, in God's Providence, we shall be slowly tottering down the nether slope of life, after gazing on life's landscape from the eminence.

The care we should expect of others; the patience we should welcome so dearly; the consideration we should long for with an ardor unspeakable—these, as true nurses, we should extend to others. Forget all this and you are utterly untrue to yourself, you have failed in loyalty to your neighbor.

GOU remember that when the Master sent word to John, in answer to the Baptist's query as to whether He was the promised Messiah, one of the signs by which He identified His ministry was this: "*The poor have the gospel preached to them.*" This age of ours it always referred to as an age of social service. Much of it is sham. A great part of it leads its devotees from the worship of God to the silly deification of humanity.

There is no social service that is not founded on faith. Empty humanitarianism is a house that is built on the shifting sands. It will some day surely crumble. Many of our modern-day community services have only put a premium on poverty and dependence. By paternalistic intermeddling they have separated families, or made the parents irresponsible figure heads.

There is a field for social service, but any form of mere humanitarianism, which has for its purpose a simple gratification of material wants, is godless. It pauperizes its beneficiaries, and it alienates its votaries from Almighty God, by making them deify mankind. And God help the nurse who sells the priceless gift of faith for such a miserable mess of pottage!

The ideal can be realized only in the happy combination of caring for the needy under the guiding auspices of a supernatural motive. And the most notable of its practical examples is found in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

THE nurse on active duty in public health and social service work, constitutes herself in many instances policeman, domestic relations court, and juvenile tribunal. And if she does

not act in such capacity she frequently gives advice that upsets the authority of the home, makes a mere burlesque of parental control, and separates the family, the chief dependence of the nation.

The ideal nurse must be above all petty intermingling in concerns of a purely domestic nature. If her work is not constructive it is a menace to the stability of the government. In the name of Him who loved the outcast and needy, she can be a wonderful factor for good in caring for the sick and enlightening the ignorant in matters that pertain to the preservation of health and the prevention of disease.

But she must never permit sensible sympathy to be supplanted by maudlin sentiment. And she never will, so long as she remains a dignified, christian lady.

THE nurse, in fine, to be true to herself must be loyal to herself. And that can mean a host of things. She cannot be true to herself unless she aims at perfection in her calling. In many an instance human life hangs upon perfection in technique, promptness in decision, good judgment arising out of previous observation, and obedience to her calling and the doctor.

If a life is lost by a lapse of any of these particulars, for that she may be grossly culpable. I do not mean to assert that she can know all things, and put them into practice *instantly*. But I do not, on the other hand, hesitate to assert that she is responsible for those things which have been plainly taught to her, and which constitute the first principles of the Nursing Art.

One thing more she owes to herself: She must be ardently devoted to her life. If she is not, it will soon pall upon her. And the indifferent nurse is a greater curse than the plainly incompetent one.

LOYALTY, then, is the theme of my discourse. For the loyal nurse is the ideal nurse, and the ideal nurse must be a joy to the angels in heaven. "A little less than the angels," God created men. And far above her fellows in the race of life, is the loyal, God-fearing, devoted nurse. For, if she acts upon proper motives, she has Him ever for a patient, who pronounced the consoling doctrine, "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did to Me."

Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion



IT was about the midnight hour on the eve of that eventful Good Friday. Jesus was in the Garden of Gethsemani and had just finished His long prayer, and bitter agony, when returning to His Apostles, He said, "Behold, the hour is come and the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us go, he is at hand who will betray Me."

"And while He was yet speaking," says the Evangelist, "behold Judas, one of the Twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs sent from the Chief Priests and the Scribes and Ancients. And Judas had given them a sign saying: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He, lay hold on Him and lead Him away cautiously."

"And when he was come, immediately going up to Jesus, he kissed Him, saying: Hail, Rabbi."—the mean, cowardly traitor!—"and Jesus said to him: Friend, whereto art thou come? Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" This is the account which the Evangelists give of the Betrayal of Jesus by Judas.



FIRST PART OF THE MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to Jesus in His Betrayal)

CONSIDER THIS CRIME OF JUDAS. Who was Judas? He was a personal friend and Apostle of Jesus—one of those privileged men whom Jesus had called to leave all things and to follow Him; to preach the gospel throughout the world; to become a pillar of the Church; to shed his blood for the faith and reign high among the saints of heaven.

He had now spent three years in the company of Jesus; had witnessed His many miracles; had eaten at the same table with Him; had shared His labors and His Hardships, aye, had even preached in the Name of Jesus, worked miracles and cast out

devils by the power of Jesus.

How, then, explain his crime? St. John gives us the explanation. Judas, he tells us, was a thief. Greed was his ruling passion—a passion which gradually perverted his whole character, and led him on from one crime to another, until it completely enslaved him to satan. "Satan entered into him," says the gospel, and straightway he went off to the scribes and pharisees and offered to betray his Master. "What will you give me and I will deliver Him up to you," he said. "And they appointed him thirty pieces of silver, and from that day, he sought an opportunity how he might betray his Master."

CONSIDER THE GRIEF OF JESUS.

There is no crime which the human heart more hates and abhors than treachery. The very word traitor carries with it a stigma of ignominy and disgrace. Imagine, then, the feelings of Jesus when, as He went forth from the Garden to meet His enemies, He beheld Judas at their head—a disciple and friend turned traitor! Alas, "If My enemy had reviled Me, I would verily have borne with it,

but thou a man of one mind. My guide and My familiar." (Psl. 54.)

Now pause and draw a vivid picture of this scene. See the Garden—the crowd approaching with swords and clubs and lights—Judas with lantern in hand leading the way. Turn your eyes next on Jesus as He comes out and faces the mob and receives the treacherous kiss. Just look and look and listen and let your heart speak: "O Jesus, merciful, compassionate and long-suffering, I offer Thee my poor sympathy, I pity Thee, I grieve with Thee. With profound reverence—not with treachery—I say: Hail Rabbi! Hail, my Savior, my God! (Dwell as long as possible on such acts of loyalty and sympathy for Jesus.)

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SECOND PART OF THE MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to our own Spiritual Improvement.)

CONSIDER THE MYSTERY—the hidden meaning and divine purpose of this part of Christ's Sacred Passion. There is a mystery, a hidden meaning and divine purpose for each distinct suffering and each distinct sorrow which Jesus endured in His Passion, and death on the Cross.

Jesus, the God-Man, the Second Adam, the New Head of the human family, was the victim for the sins of that family and was, therefore, required to bear in His person the just penalty for human sin so as to make full and perfect atonement to Divine Justice.

Now, sin is, in its very essence, an act of base rebellion and villainy, of treachery and hypocrisy; a deliberate turning away from God for the sake of some created object. Hence, the treachery and hypocrisy to which Jesus, the Victim for sin, was subjected, during those sad hours.

Behold, then, the mystery—the profound meaning of the Betrayal of Jesus by Judas. Judas is but the impersonation of human sin, the embodiment of human iniquity. And how fitting that the Divine Victim should thus, at the very beginning of His Passion, be confronted by human wickedness in its worst form.

CONSIDER THE PRACTICAL LESSON. In the Betrayal of Jesus by Judas, then we have a most clear and striking instance of the corruption of the human heart. His treachery and hypocrisy are but the treachery and hypocrisy of human nature. There is a Judas in every human soul. As the prophet says: "The imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth." (Gen. VII.) "The heart of man is perverse above all things and unsearchable." (Jer. XVII.)

Now pause and again picture the scene vividly before your eyes. There stands Jesus at the entrance to the Garden facing His enemies. Look, and look, and contemplate the scene and let your heart speak: "Ah, Lord Jesus, innocent victim for human sin, what didst Thou behold as Thou didst look out upon that mob? Not one Judas and a small band of enemies, but millions of Judases and a whole race of enemies—Not one traitor and one hypocrite, but myriads of traitors and hypocrites.

APPLICATION TO YOUR OWN SOUL. Alas, I was among that mob, my Jesus, Thy sacred eyes rested upon me as they rested upon Judas. With shame and sorrow of heart, I confess that I have often sold Thee for thirty pieces of silver and less. I have, time and time again, allowed satan to possess and rule my soul. I have been the slave of vile passion which has carried me to awful lengths and plunged me into horrid depths. And I, like Judas, am a disciple—one upon whom Thou hast lavished Thy love and Thy favors; one who has lived in Thy company and witnessed innumerable miracles of grace. Yes, I have even eaten at the same table with Thee, and time and time again, given Thee the kiss of peace in Holy Communion. If I have not completely apostatized from Thee, 'tis no credit of mine, but is owing solely to Thy grace. How often have I thrown myself into occasions of sin and gone to the very brink of disgrace and ruin! Oh, if Thou hadst not withdrawn me from evil and removed certain temptations, where should I be to-day! Oh, Jesus, how can I ever thank Thee sufficiently. I confess and detest my ingratitude, my hypocrisy, my treachery, and I promise with the help of Thy grace to reform and amend. (Continue, in these acts as long as you experience fervor.)

PRACTICAL RESOLUTIONS: "My Jesus, I know that untiring vigilance and self-denial are indispensable. I must fear and suspect and resist the Judas within me, and I promise to do so. I will fight my ruling passion with greater vigor and will avoid such and such a fault this very day. (Here make some particular resolution against your predominant fault for this day and conclude with many fervent petitions.)

Alas, my Jesus, I fear the corruption of my heart and the perversity of my will and so I look to Thee for help. O Jesus, pardon me the past and strengthen me for the future. With Thy humble servant St. Philip Neri, I plead: "Oh Lord beware of me and keep Thy hand over me this day, or I will betray Thee."

"Mary, my Mother, my only hope after Jesus, assist me to conquer completely that serpent whose head thou didst so effectually crush."

EJACULATION: "Hail, Rabbi! Hail Master! My Jesus! My All!"

Current Fact and Comment

Mac SWINEY—FOLLOWER OF THE CRUCIFIED

HAD they survived, we wonder where the martyrs of yesterday would range themselves today in divided Ireland. We have in mind those whose uttered ideals rank as classics among the statements of the greatest heroes of all time, and who deliberately chose death in defense of them.

Had Terence MacSwiney survived, and had he adhered to the slender minority of bitter-enders, then would he have added another mystery to the many that baffle our understanding and compel a suspension of criticism in these topsy-turvy times. For, among all heroes none was the peer of Terence MacSwiney in the purity or sublimity of his motives.

The source of his courage and enthusiasm was revealed in his inaugural address accepting the Mayorship of Cork immediately after his predecessor, Thomas MacCurtain had been assassinated in his own home before the eyes of his wife, sister and little babe.

It was not deemed discreet to publish the address at the time. Published recently, with its startling evidence of ardent personal devotion to the great Leader, Christ, and of motives based on long consideration of what and why Christ suffered, it should give pause to those who have the adjusting of the affairs of the nations in their hands, but whose utterly worldly methods have invariably

failed. We have space to quote only in part:

"You among us who have no vision of the future have been led astray by false prophets. I will give you a recent example. Only last week in our city a judge, acting for the English usurpation in Ireland, speaking in the presumptuous manner of such people, ventured to lecture us, and he uttered this pagan sentiment: 'There is no beauty that comes to us dripping in innocent blood.'

"At one stroke this English judge would shatter the foundations of Christianity, denying the beauty of that spiritual liberty which comes to us dripping in the Blood of Christ Crucified, Who by His voluntary sacrifice on Calvary delivered us from the dominion of the devil when the pall of evil was closing down over the darkening world.

"The liberty for which we today strive is a sacred thing—inseparably entwined as body with soul with that spiritual liberty for which the Savior of man died and which is the inspiration and foundation of all just government. Because it is sacred, and death for it is akin to the sacrifice on Calvary, following far off but constant to that Divine example, in every generation our best and bravest have died. Sometimes in our grief we cry out foolish and unthinking words, 'the sacrifice is too great.' But it is because they were our best and bravest they had to die . . . It is not we who take innocent blood, but we offer it, sustained by the example of our immortal dead and that Divine example which inspires us all for the redemption of our country. . . . But if the rulers of earth fail us, we have yet sure succor in the Ruler of Heaven, and though to some impatient hearts his judgments seem slow, they never fail, and when they fall they are overwhelming and final."

THE HOLY ANGELS

OCTOBER is the month of the Holy Angels. Having been confronted by so much that is grovelling and incongruous in the claims, and alleged experiences of the Spiritists, it is a relief to recall what God has revealed and what is of faith concerning the Blessed—the Angels and "those who have gone before us with the sign of faith."

All are immersed in the incomprehensible joy of the Beatific Vision. Those who would endeavor to engage them in trivial conversation about the affairs of life, even through a motive of affection, and those who deem it possible that the Blessed could have

any part in the sinister proceedings of a seance, might well consider why the Savior could declare: "It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love Him."

Yet the Almighty One has made it possible for the Angels to minister to us in kindly ways without interruption of their own intrinsic joy. This is revealed by many familiar instances in Scripture and confirmed by numerous examples, extending to modern times and duly authenticated, of favors conferred through angelic ministration upon individuals and entire communities.

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LAYMEN'S RETREATS

IT was a prosperous summer for laymen's retreats. The second season at Holy Cross College, Dunkirk, N. Y., brought large representations of men from Buffalo, Jamestown, Erie, Dunkirk, Toronto, Hamilton, etc. Reports of increased attendance and enthusiasm come from the older establishments at Pittsburgh and Boston. At the latter house where the accommodations have long been inadequate, plans for the new quarters and chapel are meeting with such hearty cooperation as to warrant actual building at an early date.

This progress is the result of a steady, vital growth due to the appeal to a man's highest faculties

and the surprising revelations, even to the very worldly, as to what are their best interests.

In the death of Rev. Terence J. Shealy, S. J., on September 5th, the Lay-Retreat Movement lost its most popular promoter. He founded "Manresa," organized the large and efficient body of workers, that assures attendance throughout the season, himself directing and preaching the retreats regularly. A tremendous tribute was offered to his work and memory by thousands from every walk in life, gathered on the occasion of his funeral in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York City.

TRUTH AND PHYSIC

WHILE their own Church organs are upbraiding the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of the Church of England generally for their timidity in dealing with the Modernists, the noted author of *Painted Windows* classifies the Bishop of Durham as a conservative, and adds that the good qualities of conservatism do not develop foresight or permit vision. He would confirm this observation by quoting Froude: "If medicine had been regulated three hundred years ago by act of Parliament; if there had been thirty-nine articles of physic and every licensed practitioner had been compelled, under pains and penalties, to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry the Eighth's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what

state of health the people of this country would at present be found."

This illustration may be conclusive with the shallow-minded reader, but the author is unfortunate in his use of it. Were we, in our turn, defining a Modernist, we should compare him to the quack in medicine. The latter likewise disregards established and proven methods and takes a chance with the novel or what flatters his pride as a new discovery. And condemnation of him by the regular profession is not ridiculed as blind conservatism. It is a far cry from physic to the truths which the Bishops of the Church of England are called upon to conserve and defend.

WHEN TO MARRY

WE might think that our divorce court judges would be unanimous in their conviction that marriage is a failure. Yet Judge Sabbath of Chicago after hearing 6500 divorce cases comments thus optimistically: "Perhaps I should be a cynic. But I am still a rooter for marriage. There is only one thing—marry young. When people marry young they are generally without much money, and they have to fight the world for a home and for existence and have no time for fighting each other."

Here is a man of unquestionable practical experience advocating what the Church has constantly

urged. Hesitation about marriage and long drawn out courtships are frequently due to excessive concern about the ability to provide temporal things. That is a vain ideal to strive for in this world—perfect ease and the banishing of all care about the necessities of life. It is among the leisurely class that affection most commonly wanes and the marriage bonds are most frequently disrupted. The Judge intimates the reason. Leave something to strive for and you will provide the surest means of maintaining mutual interest and sympathy and glad loyalty to the vow, "for better or worse."

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A SINGULAR JUBILEE

RARE jubilee celebration occurred recently in the Gesu parish, Philadelphia. Thirteen members of the Married Women's Sodality received gold medals, and seventy-seven received silver medals, after fifty and twenty-five years of faithful membership respectively. Most of those who have had experience with Sodality management will consider this an enviable record. Our people, faithful to the duties involved in the commandments of God and the grave precepts of the Church, are frequently unappreciative of various means offered to make these duties more attractive, meritorious and easy of performance. Among such means are the various confraternities and sodalities, wisely adapted to all or particular classes, which, after

careful scrutiny, have been blessed, approved and highly favored spiritually by the Holy See.

Men turn from summer play and relaxation with a revival of interest and energy to their ordinary tasks, and in many cases the new zest extends to the spiritual phase of life. Conscious of the difficulty of mixing pleasure and devotion you wish to make amends. We recommend the choice of and persevering membership in a confraternity or sodality. Its simple regulations will bring delightful order into your life; its simple duties will satisfy that sense of generosity toward God which craves expression and action, at least occasionally, even among the most lukewarm of us.

BORROWING TROUBLE

AS prominent men of very advanced age pass their birthdays, peculiar interest attaches to the advice they offer on the philosophy of life. Commissioner Voorhis, who recently reached the age of ninety-three with unimpaired eyesight and hearing and clear mental faculties capable of supervising the elections of Greater New York, submitted to the customary questionnaire. There is a distinctive point in his statement that he never gave a promissory note in his life. He never owed more money than he could easily pay. "I have always made it a point," he says, "to keep my obligations well within the resources I already had in hand."

This statement should give pause to that class of people of whom we often hear that they owe something to everybody in town. Such as these need to put a curb on inordinate ambition and to be reminded that indiscreet borrowing does not differ essentially from plain theft.

The passion and determination to have what the Joneses have and to rank up with them socially will induce many wilfully to disregard the inevitable and painful consequences of borrowing to get there. Mr. Voorhis has lived in the same house for sixty years and he owns it. Think of the tranquility thus attained compared with the turmoil and worry of those who sought change moving with the social stream.

An old writer dwelling on the chemistry of debt remarks that no chemical change is so strange as that undergone by money after it has passed from the lender's pocket to the borrower's. Before its transfer the borrower revered it from afar; he sighed for it, perhaps begged for it. He was at first so sure that it would be punctually returned that this really seemed to take away half the merit of the lending. When it was once transferred to his own pocket, however, it began to seem a very trifling thing to have lent it or to have borrowed it—for are we not all brethren?—and in a little while it seemed to nestle into its new home like an adopted kitten, and to wish to be disturbed no more. It really seems to require a very strong and clear mind, after twenty-four hours, to regard a borrowed dollar as still belonging rightfully to the man who lent it.

But the most serious matter of all is the guilt implied in indiscreet borrowing. It is forbidden by the seventh commandment. Before God you are as guilty as a common thief when you borrow without necessity and without the reasonably clear prospect of being able to repay promptly. If it is a grave amount, grievous guilt is contracted in the very act of borrowing. Invariably no satisfaction comes from the possession of luxuries secured through dubious credit and there is no greater folly than the exchanging of honest contentment for the enmity of God and the contempt of our fellowmen.

The Laymen's Retreat Movement In Scranton



THE steady progression of the Laymen's Retreat Movement has had its latest manifestation in the City of Scranton, Pa.

During the summer, preparations were made by the Passionist Fathers of St. Ann's Monastery to afford accommodations to a limited number of retreatants on the first hall of the Monastery, because, it was felt, the Monastic environment would be helpful to the retreatants.

As the time for the first retreat drew near, the eagerness of the men clearly demonstrated that the Fathers of St. Ann's had undertaken the work at an opportune time. This is the more remarkable, when it is recalled that Scranton is the metropolis of the anthracite coal regions, and the prolonged coal strike had paralyzed nearly every activity in the district.

THE Right Rev. Michael J. Hoban, D.D., Bishop of Scranton, honored the retreatants by his presence, and his kind words of approval to the Passionist Fathers, and encouragement to the Laymen, insures for the Laymen's Retreat Movement in Scranton a future bright with good promises.

The men left the Monastery, renewed in spirit, each a vowed apostle, zealous to go forth and tell their fellows of the happiest days in their lives!

The arrangements made by the Passionist Fathers are permanent in character, and whilst it is not likely that in numbers, the Laymen's Retreat Guild of Scranton shall equal those affiliated with the larger Retreat Centres, in devotion to the cause the Laymen's Retreat Guild of Scranton shall be unsurpassed.

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

JAMES KENT STONE

RETURN TO AMERICA

IN the few scattered writings that we have gentle but sterling character. He wrote at the time: FATHER FIDELIS never fails to avail himself of an opportunity to speak of his "be-loved mountains". The only two English poems preserved to us caught their inspiration while he was living in the mountains.

While in America in his college days, his summer vacations were spent in the White Mountains. A number of Brookline families, his own and Fays' among them, had summer houses there. Harrison Fay, whose daughter Cornelia he was to marry, was one of Boston's most successful and in those days wealthiest merchants. His wealth was generously expended in the erection of St. Paul's Church, in Brookline, of which Dr. Stone was rector. In the Chancel, on the opposite side to the bronze tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Stone is another in memory of Harrison Fay.

Cornelia Fay, to judge by her letters, was a woman of unusual literary talent and intensely religious. Friends of her youth speak of her as combining rare graces of personality with splendid powers of judgment. She was quite widely known as a musician—she voluntarily gave her services to the church—and was much sought after in the musical circles of the Boston of that day.

She died prematurely during the stormy days of his Anglican controversies. The trials which Kent Stone encountered preyed grievously on her

THE gorgeous sunset, with its golden arrows,
The still, clear water, sleeping deep below,
The silent forest, with mysterious shadows,
The air, that breathes with an unearthly glow;

Yes! everything—around, beneath, above me—
Is breathing joyous, rapturous hymns of praise
And opening visions, that with glimpses move me
Of glories that attend eternal days.

And yet while peace and joy their crown are weaving,
There is a sadness silently within,
A voiceless longing, all my spirit heaving,
That asks for brighter glory, yet unseen.

that mental trial as well as physical disease accounted for her untimely end.

IN a letter dated January 22nd, 1921, he writes in part to his daughter: "I think it strange that the enclosed should have come today (these verses had been returned to him by a friend of his youth in Boston to whom he had given a copy immediately after writing them. He was seventeen years old at the time). We, some of our family, were spending the summer vacation of 1858 at Campton, N. H., a hamlet in the White Mountains and Miss Cornie Fay, as she was then called, was with us. I was a sophomore at Harvard. Miss Fay was volunteer organist of our church in Brookline (a gem of a church). We had a quartette choir (the Fays were all musical, very). Jim sang tenor and I the bass.

One evening in August, towards sunset, I took Miss Fay for a row on a lake in the Mountains. I never knew a more exquisite evening. Very few words were spoken. There was no sentimentality or romance about it, it was intense religious feeling—on both sides. When we got back to our farm house, I went to my room and wrote the verses, sitting up rather late, I remember. Before leaving Campton, I told Miss Fay that I had written verses about our excursion on the lake and she begged for them.

Why saddened? Why this solemn spirit-heaving—
This smothered yearning still ungratified?
Why is it that, while peace is round me breathing,
There is a void, some wish unsatisfied?

Deep in my heart is not a whisper sounding,
That tells me I am weak, unlike my God—
Not pure and spotless as the things surrounding,
That rise a perfect temple to their Lord?

What is it? Is it not the soul's deep longing
To rise and grasp its immortality.
To live a life not yet to it belonging,
And feel the unseen a bright reality?

THE † SIGN

O, is there not a kindred spirit-feeling,
That strikes a chord in my still heart's abode?
Doth not my soul, in saddened silence kneeling,
Thus pray for freedom from her chilling load?

I know that myriad mercies showered 'round me
Bid me my gladdest notes of joy to raise—
I know that God's free grace in Love hath bound me,
And Jesus' Cross demands my life-long praise.

But O! for nobler powers to adore Him!
For notes unclogged by fleshly taint within!
To feel the earthly barrier melt before Him,
And be unshackled, undebarr'd by sin!

When with angelic fire I am impassioned,
Then shall my craving heart be gratified—
When I awake in God's own likeness fashioned,
Then only shall my soul be satisfied.

"Then as a Pröem I Wrote the Little Lines:"

PERHAPS—when many a long, long year
Has rolled its changes by,
And you and I are drawing near
The same bright home on high,

When memories of earlier days
Are growing dim at last,
And time's obscuring mantle lays
Its covering o'er the past,

Perhaps you'll find these verses, where
Forgotten then have lain,
And thoughts which long have slumbered there
Be called to life again,

Perhaps hereafter I shall have
One bright thought more from thee,
Because I've humbly tried to give
What thou did'st ask of me.

August, 1858. J. K. S.

"Ah, me it was not Miss C. F. who found the verses—after many a long sad year!"

TO extenuate his long delay in becoming a Catholic, he would reiterate that he had for years, while at home, no acquaintance with Catholics; not even with our books. So he told a Boston audience in a memorable speech: "The blood of Puritans is in my veins. It seems but a few short days since I chased the football on Boston Common and waxed warm upon a humbler platform than this over the glories of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. And almost all that I then knew about the Catholic Church was from an old atlas, where Catholic countries were marked with shady lines that stood for civilization while Protestant countries were bright with the cheerful tint which meant enlightenment. You will pardon me the egotism of these memories when you see that I use them only to introduce the particular fact which is to bring these thoughts to a fruition."

The average New England boy, he would tell, knew about as much of things Catholic as a certain boy friend who with himself was present at a ceremony (possibly the laying of the corner-stone) at the Holy Cross Cathedral. On this particular day they found themselves on Harrison Ave., carried thither in the wake of a crowd. Whoever his companion was—Bishop Lawrence was one of the con-

stant associates of Kent Stone's boyhood—he was soon perched on the top of the encircling fence. He spied a procession and swept on with his eye until his gaze rested on the mitred Bishop. To induce Kent to join him, he cried out: "You ought to see his hat—it's a h— of a looking thing."

THE New Englander frankly loathed the very name Catholic; a brand it was on whoever bore it. Though this was the prevailing sentiment, we feel sure that if discussion turned on Catholicism in the Stone household, fairness and charity would shine forth in all that was said. For in his controversial writings, the Doctor invariably refused to stoop to indulge in the popular practice of misrepresenting Catholics. There is not one abusive epithet to be found in any of his writings.

Brookline Village, Puritan to the core, was bitterly hostile to the scattered and struggling "Irish." Kent Stone must have remembered how when St. Mary's in the Village was afire, the bigots cut the fire hose while in use to extinguish the flames.

A feeling that seems most akin to the prejudices of caste was the most potent ingredient in Puritan as in the bigotry of the English of that day. The color line would hardly be more of a deterrent

THE † SIGN

to acceptance in polite Boston Society than membership in the Church. More than half a century had elapsed since his conversion.

RENT STONE went unforgiven to the day of his death. A cousin of his, who is the wife of one of the nation's most prominent statesmen, would say when reference was made to his "fall": "he was always considered the weak-minded one of the family." Fr. Fidelis was never enthusiastic about his being an apostle to his Puritan brethren.

"ITA TENEBRAE Sicut Lux" (By Father Fidelis, C.P.)

VESPER jam per umbras tendit
Nox, obscura nunc descendit,
Circumcludunt tenebrae;
Gloria fulgenti lucens,
Alis sanitatem ducens,
Surge, Sol Justitiae!

Curis moestis sum depressus,
Culpis aeger atque fessus,
Abest longe grata spes;
Veni, sparge Tuam lucem,
Tuam, redde meam crucem,
Qui, Tu, Numen, lumen es!

O, columbae citus alas
Si quis daret! hasce malas
Culpas, curas fulgiens,
Tibi volax advolarem,
Tuta in arce me celarem,
Pacem plenam possidens.

Magne, Tu, qui coelum regis
Patris tamen cura tegis
Contristatas animas,
Opes affer indigenti,
Pace semper affluent
Avidum me compleas!

Semitas occultas vides;
Tua Tuis data fides
Die noctu permanet;
Proba me, cor meum scito:
Apta spiritu munito
Fortiter qui superet!

Tum, quum Tuas opes vidi,
Angelorum chori fidi
Excubantes cingent me;
Nulla in nocte pertimescam
Luce Tua requiescam,
Rex, Salvator, Domine.

The discovery after many years of a Latin poem written at the close of Harvard days of his own started him musing on his attitude in early life to the true Faith. The impression made on him by the unexpected reappearance of the lines must have been vivid and persistent. Only under a spell of some sort would he ever write as he does in the letter which we shall subjoin. It is printed in Chapter V of "The Awakening".

Here is the poem with a translation supplied by one of the students of the present class at Boston. We have not been able to find the translation to which Fr. Fidelis refers.

"ITA TENEBRAE SICUT LUX" THE DARKNESS SHALL BE AS LIGHT

LO! the dusk of evening deepens,
Sombre shadows spread their wings,
Shrouding all in darkest night.
Rise, Thou glorious Sun of Justice,
Through the gloom effulgent shining,
Swiftly solace with Thy light.

Grief's sad burden presses heavy,
Error's way my soul doth weary—
Distant far sweet hope divine.
Come, Oh God, blest light eternal,
Let thy radiance round me beam,
Let my cross, O Lord, be Thine.

Oh! that dove's wings one would give me!
Changing gloom to dazzling splendour,
Error dark to truth's bright shining,
Swiftly I would fly to Thee,
Hiding safe in highest heaven,
In supernal peace reclining.

Thou who wondrously rules the heavens,
Yet, with father's tend'rest care,
Watches o'er the soul distressed,
Lend Thine aid to one in need—
By Thy peace in full abundance
Let my hungry soul be blessed.

In Thine eyes no ways are hidden;
Guard the faith Thou hast bestowed,
Let it ever, Lord, remain,
Try Thou me and know my heart.
Who in strength of Thy blest spirit
Shall not bravely victory gain?

Ah, then, when Thy help I see, Lord,
And the angel choirs, too,
Hoveringly my soul surrounding;
In the darkness, naught I'll fear,
In Thy light, I'll sweetly slumber,
Lord, my Saviour, and my King.

THE † SIGN

FATHER EDMUND, his correspondent, was like himself, a convert, a Passionist, and a poet.

Holy Cross Retreat, Buenos Aires.

May 6, 1893.

Dear Father Edmund:

... A queer thing happened today. One of our young Argentine students brought me some type-written verses, which he said were mine. How they came into his possession he did not say, nor did I ask; but I kept the paper. For I recognized them at once as my own composition, though I had not seen them for many years. They were Latin verses, a Latin hymn, which I wrote in my father's study shortly after my graduation from Harvard College. They bear the date: Brookline, Mass., Oct., 1861. After Commencement Day I had gone away for a long vacation in the White Mountains, so that the lines must have been written a few weeks, or days perhaps, after my return.

My father was (like your own) an Anglican clergyman, and he had a fine library—fine of its kind; for it was purely Protestant, made up of works of theology, and general literature. There was not a Catholic book, so far as I know, in that whole collection of some 3,000 volumes. I used to love to browse in that dear old study, sometimes for hours at a time, but I was not looking for Catholic books. I must make an exception: I did find a copy of the Latin Vulgate, and was very fond of reading in it, especially the Psalms of David and the Prophet Isaiah, and even learning passages by heart. I believe it was that Latin Bible which started me on that hymn. And I was fond of singing parts of Rossini's "Stabat Mater", and that will account for the metre. But it will not account for all.

My dear Father, there is something strange to me beyond measure in the fact of my composing those stanzas. Neither heredity nor environment will afford any explanation, nor will familiarity with the ancient classics give any help. I was absolutely ignorant of Catholic and Mediæval hymnology. Yet I wrote those lines with real pleasure, and without effort; and at the time there seemed to me nothing strange about the thing at all.

It is only now that the weirdness of it strikes me, and if that young scholastic had not brought me that copy I might never have thought of the composition again. Was it a case of "anima naturaliter

Catholica"? As I read those verses now, they seem to me redolent of the cloister and the Middle Ages; an old monk might have indited them. Or is it my egoism which makes me think so? God help me—ought I to have become a Catholic long before I did?

The hymn, I may add, appeared in print. A college friend of mine, editor of a Protestant magazine, took a fancy to it, and published it. And I afterwards saw a metrical translation in a little volume of English poetry. The translation was fairly well done, and was ascribed to myself as though it were an original. I have no idea who did it."

ONE of the Harvard Reviews printed this eulogy written by Mr. John Morse, Jr. Although the retrospect includes the whole of the life of Father Fidelis, its chief value is its witness to the impressions made on the author, shared by his fellow class mates, by the college career of Kent Stone. Except on a few widely separated occasions Father Fidelis met his Harvard Fellows not at all. But so marked was the trend of his early life that it presaged what manner of man he would be. A very general knowledge of his after life sufficed to prove the exactitude of their vision of his future.

JOHN T. MORSE, Jr., Sec.,
16 Fairfield St., Boston.

To the Class of 1861 belongs, of course, the honor of listing James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis, Passionist) as one of their members. Upon their domain we, of the Class of 1860, have no desire to intrude, but we feel sure that, at this moment of his passing from earth, they will permit us to say a few words in expression of our affectionate memory of him. For in part he belonged to us also; he entered Harvard with us in 1856, and stayed with us until, at the close of the Freshman year, his delicate health obliged him to retire for a twelvemonth of rest.

Before he left us, however, a bond of affection—of real affection, I use the word advisedly and in earnest—had been established between him and us which has ever since held us closely together. In gaining his new comrades of '61 he did not lose his old comrades of '60; his interest in us and our interest in him have remained steadfast ever since through the long years.

THE † SIGN

His purity and tenderness and exquisite gentleness were traits which are not at all commonplace among the exuberant undergraduates of our colleges of polite learning. If we did not emulate these pre-eminent virtues of his, we at least admired them, felt the charm which they gave him, and loved him for them. If at one time some of us questioned whether they were altogether consistent with what we were pleased to esteem as "manly" virtues, he proved to us conclusively in later life that such a fellowship of qualities was quite possible.

He displayed not only great courage and energy but even a capacity in practical affairs such as one may look for in the business world but hardly expects to find in monastical retreats. He had the spirit of a poet and the tastes of a scholar; his familiarity with the patristic literature of the ancient Church to which he attached himself was remarkable.

These qualities, mental and temperamental, united to a profoundly devotional spirit would naturally have led him to a life of repose, of intellectual pursuits and tranquil religious contemplation, and this was what we were inclined to anticipate for him; but a supreme sense of duty impelled him to active exertion, and so it came about that his career was filled with ceaseless toil and was marked by

many and distinguished achievements.

His Church found his services invaluable and would have rewarded him with her honors, but these he modestly declined. His life was useful, as are many lives; but it was beautiful to a degree that few lives can equal. Those who were for a while his mates of '60 render their homage

THE market for intellectual labor in Boston, we are told, was practically confined to teaching. Kent Stone's record made him welcome in the ranks of the exclusive Dixwell's Latin School. He was still in his twenty-first year. He remained there but one year when he decided to take part in the struggle of the Civil War. One of his distinguished pupils there was Henry Cabot Lodge, the well-known Senator from Massachusetts. He writes us in part: "Kent Stone, as I knew him, was one of the instructors in Mr. Dixwell's Latin School. He was there for a short time while I was a pupil in the school, as I was for over five years. I remember him very well, and as a small boy, liked him very much, for he was always kind to the boys and very considerate. I knew him only as a boy knows an instructor at school. . . . I wish I could be of service to you, for I have nothing but pleasant memories of Father Fidelis."

The Race for Orthodox Favor

FOR a long time the Church of England has been making overtures for reunion with the great Eastern Orthodox Church. Dignitaries and divines of the latter have lent encouragement by parleys and periodical visits to England. A delegation attended the Lambeth Council in 1920. Recent events, especially the disruption of Church and State in Russia, have made the project seem much more feasible. Meletius, the Oecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, also visited England this year. It is reported that he announced the holding of a Council of the Eastern Churches at which he would like representatives of the Church of England to be present.

Rumor has it that a declaration of matters of faith and doctrine from the clergy of the Church of England would be welcome and might help promote reunion. ("Union" would be a more accurate

term.) Accordingly such a Declaration has been drawn up, and the secretary in broadcasting it for signatures says: "The effect of it will be to shift the whole balance of things in the Catholic (sic) world, and enormously to strengthen our own position not only in the East, but also in relation to Western Catholic Christendom." This Declaration is very interesting as a revelation of the efforts to compromise, and to convince the Orthodox that there is no essential difference in their beliefs.

We might inquire: If Oecumenical Councils form the supreme tribunal of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, what about their validity, the Church of Rome not taking part? Doubt is admitted regarding the Divine institution of the seven sacraments. Stress is laid on the validity of Anglican orders, the Orthodox being expected to disregard the reasons carefully advanced by the Holy See for their invalidity.

Brother Vincent's Rosary

FLORENCE GILMORE

HERE was a heavy shower in the afternoon, but the sky cleared before six o'clock, and the long June evening was bright and beautiful. Until the late twilight fell Brother Vincent worked about the flower-laden altar, arranging and rearranging his roses and often changing the position of the candlesticks.

He longed to make it exceptionally lovely for the next day's feast, but only half succeeded, for his head ached badly that evening, his ordinarily deft hands were clumsy, and his old feet were weary and slow, all because his habitually happy heart was very, very heavy.

For many years he had been sacristan in the great church adjoining St. Francis's monastery. It was his home, full, for him, not only of heavenly memories of never-to-be-forgotten hours of blissful prayer and of mornings when Mass and Holy Communion had been more sweet than any words could tell, but even of tender, human recollections to which his old heart clung fondly. There he had lived his life; there he had loved his friends and lost them.

AFTER the last bouquet of roses had been painstakingly arranged in a large vase and placed on the altar Brother Vincent went to the sacristy, and at that moment the rector came into it, through a door leading from the church, and stopped to talk to him.

"The altar is very pretty, Brother," he said heartily. "How lovely the roses are, especially the white ones! This afternoon I went into the school to hear the children practice the hymns they are to sing in tomorrow's procession, and they did remarkably well. We shall have a beautiful Corpus Christi." Then, after a pause during which he glanced into Brother Vincent's face, he added, "And this is the anniversary! One year ago today."

"One year today," Brother Vincent repeated huskily. "It—somehow, it seems much longer than that."

The rector rested a gentle hand on the old man's shoulder. "He was a dear lad, and a good one," he said softly; and sighing a little, he passed through a door opening into the parlor, where a man was waiting to see him.

As soon as he was gone Brother Vincent cut away some vases which he had not needed,

and gathered together the paper that had been wrapped about the flowers. It was almost dark by this time, but without making any light he went into the sanctuary and kneeling on the altar step took his beads from his pocket and began to pray. Every evening he said them in that same spot, always for the same intention, and always using a curious rosary of black beads, with large white Our Fathers, and a well-made metal Crucifix.

He said them slowly, as was his way, and when he was done switched on a few lights, made certain that there were no worshippers in the church, and proceeded to close it for the night. After bolting the windows in the sanctuary, he shut and locked those opening on the aisles, and went to the vestibule to fasten the outer door.

As soon as he entered the vestibule he caught sight of a small object which lay on the floor, in one of the corners, and picking it up dropped it into his pocket, laughing to himself, and murmuring, "Another rosary! Why don't women have pockets? My collection of them grows larger and larger. This is the second I have found today, and there must be twenty or twenty-five unclaimed ones in the sacristy."

HAVING made everything secure for the night Brother Vincent went back to the sacristy to put the beads, which he had just found, with others that were waiting to be claimed. There was a light above the drawer in which he kept such things, and chancing to look at the beads, as he drew them from his pocket, Brother Vincent started violently and stood staring at them in utter amazement.

After a few moments he took his own beads from another pocket and compared the two. They were exactly alike: both had black Hail Marys, white Our Fathers, and the metal crosses were of the same size and shape.

"Well, well, it's very strange," he murmured, at last. "His was the only rosary of the kind I had ever seen. It may be, however—it's just possible that there are many like it. I wonder if this second rosary will ever be called for." He dropped it into the drawer and went slowly and thoughtfully in the direction of the monastery. "I wonder," he repeated aloud, "I wonder if—but most of them are never claimed."

THE † SIGN

THE next morning was a very busy one for Brother Vincent, but even during Solemn High Mass and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which followed it, he thought more than once of the beads that he had found the evening before, and for a reason of his own hoped and prayed that their owner would call for them. "But there may be many like his," he reminded himself. "There may be. I must not expect too much."

When the day's celebration was ended, and every light had been extinguished, canopy and vestments had been put away, and the last merry little acolyte had scampered toward the playground, Brother Vincent went into the church to open all the windows on the shaded side of the building. He was struggling with a refractory one when a woman came quickly up the aisle and spoke to him.

Strangers were apt to think Brother Vincent unobserving, but the truth is that nothing escaped his sharp eyes, and at a glance he noted that the woman was about twenty-five years of age, handsomely dressed, and rather haughty in manner.

"Pardon me for troubling you," she said, "but can you tell me if a rosary was found in the church last evening or this morning? I was passing about five o'clock yesterday afternoon and a sudden shower drove me into the vestibule. When I got back to my hotel I found that I had lost my beads either here or on the street. They have no intrinsic value, but I should be sorry to lose them. I always carry them as—a kind of souvenir. Were they found? They are unusual beads, unlike any you ever saw, I am sure—black, with white Our Fathers.

The Cross is made of metal."

"I found them. Come with me. They are in the sacristy. I have a drawer there reserved for the many things you women lose," Brother Vincent said, in his habitually jocose way, but his ruddy face had blanched, and his plump hands shook as he opened the gate of the sanctuary.

Leading the way into the sacristy he opened a drawer well filled with rosaries, prayer books, and medals, and gave her the beads which she had lost. The woman said a word of thanks and would have

gone away at once, if Brother Vincent had not detained her.

"Those beads of yours are not as unusual as you think them," he said.

She laughed a little. "I did not mean that they are unusually pretty or fine. Perhaps I could truly have called them unusually ugly. They are odd: that is all. I am very glad to have found them."

"I have beads exactly like them," Brother Vincent said; and drawing his own from a pocket in his habit he held them up before

THE woman's face grew suddenly white, and she eagerly took them into her hands. "The other pair!" she cried incredulously. "Why, Brother, where did you get these?"

"They belonged to one of our novices—a very clever young man, but very delicate. He used to come into the church every evening and kneel on the altar step while he said them. And after a time he was appointed to help me with my work here in the sacristy. One of the novices is always assistant sacristan."

The woman said nothing, and there was a long

"The Weak Things Hath God Chosen"

C. NEIL, C. P.

No soul is sealed against th' Orphean lyre
Of Everlasting Love that lavish lays
It's nectared symphony on tainted days
And coaxes urgently to blazing pyre
Our restless heart's insatiate desire.
But on the soul falls discord—fear—that stays
Our timid selves from such supernal ways:
"Think thou, doth God, thee, ragged reed, require"?

Yea, Fear, though we are hollow, bruised reeds
That bow and cringe 'neath every gust of pain,
Such things our thorn-crowned Lord for scepter needs
To manifest the nature of His reign—
That weakness bound 'tween His strong Hands of Love
Will safely rest till rapt to realms above.

THE † SIGN

silence before the old lay brother went on in a voice that trembled slightly.

"We made friends, he and I, although he was young, and gay, and our cleverest student. I—and I admit that he was more to me than anyone else in the world. It cut me to the heart to see him growing more and more frail, but he was always so full of fun, always so busy, that I thought he did not realize what we all saw plainly—I thought so, until one evening. I was standing where you and I are standing now, and he came from the sanctuary where he had been saying his beads. There were tears in his eyes, the only ones I ever saw there; and he said, 'If I go, Brother—or rather, *when* I go, will you keep these old beads of mine and say them every day for my intention?'"

BROTHER VINCENT shifted nervously from one foot to the other, but did not glance at the woman, although he knew that her eyes were fastened on his face. He had not looked at her since he began to talk.

"I—I nodded," Brother Vincent went on; "I could not speak, but he understood that I meant to promise; and then he told me what his intention was and all about these beads. He said that he was only ten or twelve years old when his sister bought them with her own money, at a quaint little shop in New Orleans; bought them from a pious Frenchman who made rosaries—a pair for herself and one for him. She was a lively little thing, he said, and just for fun coaxed the man to replace the black Our Fathers with white ones."

"Afterward, the children went together to a priest who was related to them, to have them blessed, and the priest made them both promise to

carry those beads about them as long as they lived. My boy kept his promise; but his sister—he explained that there were many excuses for her: their mother had died when she was small, she had been pampered by Protestant relatives, and had had few Catholic friends, and so it came about—that—you see she married out of the Church, and went to England to live, and remained there, nominally an Episcopalian, even after her husband's very early death. There was no one but her brother to grieve over her, or to pray for her, and that, so he explained, was why he came to us, and why he could never pray enough."

Brother Vincent paused, but after a moment added, in a broken voice, at last looking at the woman to whom he was talking,

"So I love these beads of his. He died with them in his dear hands, six weeks after he promised them to me, and so—you realize that—"

THE woman suddenly hid her face in her hands, but she did not say a word.

It was Brother Vincent who broke a long silence, by saying very gently, "Yes, I understand. I knew as soon as you spoke to me in the church. You look like him. And then I—all at once I understood many things. Yesterday a sudden shower drove you into our church, and you dropped your beads here; and but for that seeming accident I should never have seen you, and you would never have known—about him. And yesterday was the first anniversary of his death."

At last the woman clasped her hands beseechingly, and looking up at Brother Vincent whispered, "Will you do two things for me? Pray, pray! And ask a priest to come and hear my confession."

Candid persons must recognize that there is abundant justification for the popular mistrust of certain types of experts. Sad experience has demonstrated again and again that a man may know a great deal about some specialty and still show a lamentable lack of good judgment. Narrowness of outlook and intense specialization make "learned fools."—*Prof. Conklin.*

There is no drama in the world like the Mass. It has inspired the greatest teachers, artists, musicians, poets and craftsmen. Around us, on all sides, are myriads of eyes absorbed with a craving for looking on. It is not up to us to give them something worth looking at and to teach them about this *worship by watching?*—*Church Times (Anglican),*

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What Do You Know About:

The Reasonableness of Faith?

ON the last Sunday of August of this year, in the City of Buffalo, a certain Minister of the Universalist denomination, is reported in the public press to have said to his congregation: "Faith is the most unreasonable thing in the world. It is confidence in that for which reasons are lacking, else it is not faith."

Confidence, of course, in that for which reasons are lacking is assuredly a "most unreasonable thing". To confide in a person when one has no reasons on which to base one's trust is irrational. To have confidence in Our Divine Lord as in the Son of God, when reasons for such confidence are utterly lacking, is admittedly an unreasonable act for any man.

But no one can have confidence in anything or in any person without first having faith in that in which they confide. And one can not have faith in anything without having reasons for the faith that is in him. If we confide in Jesus Christ as in the Son of the Eternal God, it is because we first believe that Our Divine Lord is the Son of God. If we have confidence in God it is because we first believe that God exists, that He is powerful to help us, that He is so good that He will help us. And if we have faith in the power and the goodness of God and in the Person of His Son, it is because we have reasons for our faith, and in putting forth an act of faith we are doing the most reasonable thing in all the world.

There must be a reasonable foundation for faith, there must be an appeal to our reason before an adult person can believe. No one may be asked to close his eyes and open his mouth to gulp down a dose of religion. To do this would but verify the words of the above mentioned Minister, viz., to "Have confidence in that for which reasons are lacking". But this is opposed both to common sense and to Scripture wherein we read that we should be ever "*ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us*".

MOTIVES OF FAITH. The final reason why we believe all the truths of Faith is, of course, the veracity of God, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived. God is the uncreated truth. God is the

truth in His very being and in His words. When God speaks or reveals any truth, this is sufficient reason for us to believe all that God tells us. We therefore believe that God is one in nature and three in personality, because He has revealed it. We believe that Jesus Christ is God because God has witnessed to it. We believe that the Catholic faith is the only true faith because God has made this known unto us. In the act of faith we say we believe all these truths simply because God has revealed them.

OUR LORD'S EXAMPLE. This was the motive which Our Divine Lord gave to the Jews of His day. He said, "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me". In his last prayer found in the Gospel according to St. John he says to His Heavenly Father, "The words which *THOU* gavest me, I have given to them, and they have received them"—I have given them Thy word—*Thy word is TRUTH.*" The Apostles gave the same reasons, they called themselves the "ambassadors of Christ" and their disciples received their word as the word not of men, but of God. And to-day we believe the church and accept all her teachings in matters of salvation, because what she teaches has been revealed by God.

MIRACLES, EXTERNAL MOTIVES OF FAITH. But no one can make an act of faith in any truth until one is certain that such truth has been actually revealed by God. One must be certain that God has spoken, and not until reasonable proof is forthcoming, can one be sure of this. Now God has given certain signs to man whereby man can know that a revelation has been made by God. Such signs are principally miracles and prophecy. "A miracle is an effect of the Divine Power, surpassing wholly the course of nature, or it is an effect of Divine Omnipotence beyond the power of any created cause." From this definition we see that only God can work a miracle. In a miracle, God seems to unveil Himself, He steps out from His place of concealment and "the hand which works is laid bare". By the working of a miracle God approves of the messenger He sends and of the message sent. This argument had such force that

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it was used by Our Divine Lord Himself when He wished to prove to John the Baptist that The Messiah had come. When John wished to know whether Christ was the One who was sent by God, our Lord removed all reasonable doubt from John's mind by replying, "Go tell John what you have seen and heard—the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." When John heard this, he was reasonably certain that God was showing His approval of Christ and His claims, for he knew that only God can work a miracle and would work a miracle only in approval of the truth.

The self-same argument made it evident to the mind of Nicodemus that God had intervened in some way to give His approval of the message of Christ. He said to our Lord, "Rabbi, we *know* that Thou art come a teacher *from God*, for *NO MAN* can do *these signs* unless God be with him". St. John says in the latter part of his Gospel, "Many other signs also did Jesus in the sight of His disciples, which are not written in this book. But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, you may have life in His name".

Our Lord upbraided the Jews for not believing in his doctrine, because He said: "Though you will not believe Me, believe the *works* that I do, that you may *know* and *believe* that the Father is in me and I in the Father".

In these words, Our Lord clearly appeals to His miracles, as the "works of His Father" in proof of His Mission and teachings; rightly therefore He condemns the Jews, for not accepting His miracles as testimony to the truth of His words.

Any one who considers the entire life of Our Lord, His wondrous works, His power over life and death, over all nature, and finally His power over death, the grave and hell in His own Resurrection from the dead, is certain that God has spoken through Him, that His is the word of God.

That this is the teaching of the Catholic Church is assured us by the definition of the Vatican Council. "In order," it says, "that the obedience we exercise in faith may be *conformable to reason*, God willed to combine with the interior aids of the Holy Spirit external proofs of Revelation, namely, divine facts and preeminently miracles and prophecy. For these, being *clear manifestations of the infinite power and knowledge of God*, are most cer-

tain signs of a divine revelation, and are adapted to the intelligence of all".

FAITH A GIFT OF GOD. It must not be forgotten, however, that Faith being a supernatural virtue is a gift of God. Our Lord had said, "No one cometh unto me, unless the Father draw him". He, therefore, who would make an act of faith, or come to the knowledge of the true faith, ought first of all go humbly to God in prayer and ask the Father of light to illumine his mind and draw him so that he may be able to make the fact of faith. The Apostle realizing that faith is a gift from God prayed "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief".

FAITH THE WORK OF MAN. Gift most precious that faith is, yet it is in some measure the work of man. It is called man's "*reasonable service*". It is called *reasonable* service, because it is the function of the intellect to assent to a revealed truth; but the mind will not assent to a truth unless it appears believable. It is the business of the reason to examine whether a truth has been revealed, and that being proved, the avenue to faith is open.

Faith is called our "*service*" to God, because faith submits our understanding to God's word and submission to God is service. The free will also has its part in the assent of faith. For it has often happened that when men have come to the very threshold of Catholic Truth, when they have looked into the portals of the City of Peace and beheld the grand spectacle of faith some have deliberately entered, while others have obstinately refused. To those who have entered, it is accounted virtue, for they could have done otherwise, and to those who have not entered it is accounted sin, for they, too, could have entered had they wished.

God abandons no one until He be first abandoned. And he who will not believe "shall be condemned". But no one will be condemned for refusing to do an *unreasonable thing*. No one will be condemned for not confiding in a thing *for which reasons are lacking*. But we shall be rewarded for doing those things that are reasonable and that one most reasonable thing in all this world is to make an act of Faith when God speaks to us, to make an act of Faith in His Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, and to believe all that His Church teaches us, because, and only because God has revealed them, "Who can neither deceive nor be deceived."

With the Junior Readers



of The Sign

"Sufficient for the Day Is the Evil Thereof."

MARY FLYNN

When the sky is clear and blue,
And summer days grow few,
And southward high the wild-geese fly,
Don't go round reminding everybody that Winter soon
is due.

If you sail on moonlit main
Lulled by music's sweet refrain,
Should the moon shine down in a misty crown,
Don't jar the acute joy of all the company by an-
nouncing that tomorrow we'll have rain.

When in reverie you're lost
After summer's noon is crossed,
And katydid in the dark hedge hid
Starts croaking, don't be a gloomy Augustus or Miss
Calamity Jeannette smartly foretelling that in
six weeks we'll have frost.

Some folks see hills to scale,
And the journey's length bewail,
While close at hand is a fairy land
Resplendent in the vale.

The Thought of a Little Rebel

A NON-CATHOLIC girl, of fifteen, once
complained to me: "It seems that every-
thing that has any fun in it must be for-
bidden." Did you ever in a spell of bad
humor have the same thought? What reason is
there for the complaint?

It just happens that many delightful things are
forbidden by God not only because they are sinful
in themselves, but because they are harmful to our-
selves. We should very quickly discover this to our
sorrow were the prohibition lifted and we were al-
lowed to indulge our own will and pleasure in
everything.

Perhaps our first shock would come from try-
ing to get along in a world where everybody, fol-
lowing the same rule, strove to have his own way
and followed his own desires without regard for
your rights and happiness. Thus the command-
ments of God may seem hard to keep at times,
but even worldly men admit that they reveal the
wisdom of God and nothing could take their place
in securing happiness and safety for us all.

Therefore whenever we find God's law thwart-
ing our desires, instead of complaining we should
be grateful. We can help ourselves and win God's
special favor by repeating the words of our Saviour
uttered in the garden of Gethsemani: "Father, not
My will but Thine be done." None could more
sincerely assure us that the way of God's law is the
best than those who have tried the other way of self-
will and passion. Thus one of them exclaims:

"Oh, would that I were a pure child again,
When life was calm as is a sister's kiss!"

The Judge of the Judges

THE judge had taken his seat. The jurymen were
in their places. After the usual preliminary
questions the Presiding Officer of the court
continued:

"Gillett, you have assassinated Rose Menie in order
to steal forty cents; you had hoped to obtain a larger
sum, otherwise you would not have committed the
deed."

Gillett: "I don't know, Sir."

Presiding Officer: "What! You don't know?"

Gillett: "My God! No! I work for any price,
however small! What difference can one old carcass,
more or less, make?"

Presiding Officer: "Your surly manner would dis-
gust even a cannibal. To think, you have not yet
reached your seventeenth year, Gillett, and you are
already so deep in crime. In what school of infamy
have you learned all the secrets of evil?"

Gillett: "That we learn without help, Sir."

Presiding Officer: "You admit all the crimes enum-

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erated in the act of accusation?"

Gillett: "I admit anything you wish. I care as little about it all as a snake for his cast off skin.

Presiding Officer: "The jury will appreciate your cold-blooded attitude. I now resign the floor to your advocate."

Mr. LeBlanc (advocate for Gillett): "Gentlemen, my task is very simple. Since the accused pleads guilty, I cannot defend him, and as I foresee that mercy will have no part in the issue, I shall be very brief. If justice demands an account of his crime, you will allow me in my turn, to demand an account of justice for the decision."

"What this decision will be, I know not. This much I do know, that there are persons in this court room more guilty than the accused, himself. These I denounce; or, rather, these criminals, I accuse them. They are you, gentlemen, who are listening to me; you who represent society, that society which is forced to punish the crime which its negligence and corruption know not how to prevent."

There was emotion visible among the audience.

"I see on the wall before me, and bow reverentially to Christ on the Cross. This crucifix is here in your judgment hall where you cite the criminal to the bar. Why is it not in the school, there where the child receives daily instruction? Why do you punish under the eye of the Eternal Judge, when you form mind and heart without Him? Why must it be, that Gillett should meet for the first time the God of Golgotha here?"

"Why were his eyes not allowed to rest upon Him from his bench in the school room? Had such been the case, he would doubtless have been able to avoid the bench of infamy where we see him today."

"Who told him that there is a God—a future Judge? Who ever spoke to him of his soul, of the respect due to his neighbor, of the love of his fellow-men? When did we teach him the law of God: 'Thou shalt not kill'?"

"We left his soul to its evil instincts; he grew like a young beast in the desert, alone in that society which is now ready to strike the tiger, whose talons it should have clipped, and whose ferocity it should have tamed at the proper time."

Gillett listened with stupefaction, then with triumph to these pleadings, so strange to him, and a gleam of satisfaction shone from his eyes when Mr. LeBlanc thus concluded: "Yes, it is you, gentlemen, that I accuse; you, civilized and refined, who are not barbarians; you moralists, who lead the full orchestra of atheism and passion, and are not surprised that you are answered by every species of crime. Condemn my client; it is your right; but I accuse you—it is my duty."

Mr. LeBlanc resumed his seat. The audience arose, while the house rang with applause. The Presiding Officer demanded silence.

The jury withdrew, and soon returned with the verdict, "Guilty". In consequence, Gillett, despite his

youth, was condemned to death.

"The Eternal Judge will judge these judges," cried Mr. LeBlanc, rising and pointing to Christ on the Cross.

"Improve the Shining Hour"

DON'T miss the lesson contained in the poem by M. Flynn in this section. You are not long started on life's journey before you discover that there are so many obstacles to your plans and so many dampers to your joys as might turn you into an habitual pessimist. Somebody has defined a pessimist to be a man who turns out the gas in order to see things in the dark.

It was our Lord Himself who declared that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." He bade us ask our bread for *this* day, warning us not to be unduly solicitous about temporal things and not to forget that the same Providence that clothes the lily and feeds the sparrows has a care of us. The poet happily refers to the busy bee that "improves each shining hour."

I can think of no better way of getting the most out of the passing hours, whether God sends us joys or sorrows, success or disappointment, than the faithful practice of the Morning Offering. By it you set yourself right for all that the day may bring of evil things or good. You acknowledge the will and Hand of God in it all.

By thus offering all to His glory the hours do not pass empty away, leaving behind anxiety and regrets. Rather do they secure for us a fine record of merit and such contentment as banishes all vain solicitude about the morrow.

The missing lines from the verses in the September issue of *THE SIGN* are the following:

First verse: "What evil hath He done?"

Second verse: "Could you not watch one hour with Me?"

Third verse: "Friend, whereto art thou come?"

To the boy or girl of eighth grade or under sending in the best original answer to "*Why the Stations of the Cross should be a favorite devotion*," a handsome prize will be presented. Limit, 200 words. Submit answers before October 6.

DADDY SENN FU,
THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

Maryknoll

A PASSIONIST FATHER

BISHOP DUNN of New York said "A Modern Miracle is Maryknoll." Our hearts made response in the consecrated words "The Finger of God is here." This: Maryknoll; is beyond human hands to accomplish. All are wistful to see signs and wonders. So it is that day by day the numbers are swelling, seeking out where these are being staged: Maryknoll. Not mere wonderment is their reward. The action of the Supernatural is there so pervasive, so intense, as to move to its depths any soul which comes within its radius, within the bounds of Maryknoll.

We went there on—we know it now, September 12th, a red letter day; the day of the Departures of the Sisters and the Brethren. The spirit of the mourner was ours, the only appropriate one, we thought. Partings were at hand like to none other so much as of death. No traveller returns from that bourne beyond continent and seas, which remove for all time, the sight of home and friends, father, mother, brother, sister, and last of all, Maryknoll. And death's partings are hardest when it takes off the young and the fair, "the flower of the flock"; even as the struggle is hardest when a youthful life yields up the ghost.

THE visitor enters a grove in the approach to the buildings. We thought of Gethsemane. After a very few steps we encountered now one, soon another, then numbers; a young man clothed in black and wearing too, a wreath of smiles; and that young woman garbed in drab! one felt her costume belied her looks. They were on all sides of you. Some were departing that day and the rest at no distant day. But you could not tell which was which. The leave-taking would not be for another hour, so we had time to look over the establishment and to learn of the material side of the prodigious enterprise which merits the epithet "Maryknoll."

Maryknoll is of yesterday. Yet this wide sweep of plateau is covered with buildings, and they are the first only of a chain which is stretching across the continent and is taken up over seas in China. The Seminary, partly finished, dominates one of the most beautiful sections of the Hudson River scenery.

McGuinness and Walsh, the latter, the brother of the Superior, are intent on having here the loftiest product of their genius. It is

a monastic Mission adapted to the Oriental style—a suggestion of what will be very soon dotting the landscapes of China. The structure will sum up a whole era in Ecclesiastical, we may say Monastic, Architecture.

Another gem is the home of the FIELD AFAR, the golden-throated herald which broadcasts the mission message, arousing the nation's conscience and summoning forth an army of vocations, and single-handed, financing the whole colossal undertaking.

BUT the hour has struck; the procession is wending its way to the distant chapel of the Sisters. Over a hundred Sisters and Novices are waiting its arrival; eager souls pressing about to fill places now soon to be vacated. Fairy wands could not be reckoned to evoke such wonders as happen here. The old Missionary Saints are abroad in our midst weaving the enchantments that greet our eyes. We fail to detect who of the number were to come forth to the altar to make the oblation.

If earth holds a company whose countenances are more like those who dwell where "parting is no more," we have not seen it. Slowly they detach themselves, the predestined souls, and are on their knees to give their all. We turn away our eyes trying to steady them, and they chance rest on the noble visage of the presiding Bishop. He too was having trouble with his eyes.

The atmosphere is still surcharged though a heavy downpour kept up all morning. One might have penetrated mists, were it not for that singing. One far off, who could not distinguish words such as these: "How beautiful are the feet upon the mountains"—words of Isaias, "of God's dear missionaries in Fields Afar." "How beautiful, when from Baptismal fountains a soul shines radiant as the Vesper Star"—such an one would have thought they were singing carols.

We are ill at ease; as one coming to where feasting is, thinking to find a house of mourning. But there is no place for misgiving. So we say to ourselves. This is a time of long, long farewell. Our kind host bids us tarry on, though the evening was far spent. Another departure was to take place later on.

You must know, that two companions—how we regretted the absence of the third, were there, who

ere these lines come to you will be speeding on their way to the same mission field, China. The glad hand of fellowship was extended to them. Their sentiments! The writer knows quite well what his were, "the latches of whose shoes he was not worthy to loose," came to his mind.

We were summoned to return to the Seminary for the bountiful repast awaiting us. Involuntarily we halted to take in the view spread out through the fine arches of the cloister; the sun setting beyond the River and the Jersey hills which here take up the line of the Palisades.

Now was the time and here the place to read the marvellous "Ode to the Setting Sun." No need of the wailful sweetness of the violin floating down the hushed waters of the wind, to make the wounded soul ooze sadness. When before did our mood so fit us to read "Like him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood, upon thy Western rood, and His stained brow did veil like thine tonight."

WE were to sit down to a "Last Supper." And yet try as we might to think of it so, it was as a "Wedding Feast." Again we were in the open before an altar. "See," a companion said, "this suggests what will be awaiting the Missionary."

Then the ceremony of departure of the Brethren was at hand. If one particular beautiful soprano had not—and yet he too was carolling—chanced to be singing in the ear of the writer that piercing: "Farewell, farewell!" the lights would not have annoyed his eyes.

On the raised platform the priests and brother faced us, their countenances beaming with joy. They were the victors though a hundred and more pressed them hard for the honors with which they were crowned. Only the proximity of the altar kept down the paeans. But they came a moment later.

As each one moved through the throng of their associates to the seat in the waiting automobiles, a mighty shout greeted him. In regulation fashion, three cheers, three deafening cheers rang out. Between times a beautiful hymn about "Alma Mater" was heard.

DEPARTING, we confessed to ourselves, never had we suffered such disillusionment. Joy! in the measure that thou canst be found on earth thy name is Maryknoll.

With the Passionists in China

BY the time this issue of THE SIGN comes to our readers, the second band of Passionist Missionaries will be en route for their distant mission field. Insofar as arrangements are definitely settled as we go to press, the Reverend Fathers will leave West Hoboken on October 1st for Seattle, with short stops at Pittsburgh and Chicago. They sail from Seattle on October 14th.

It was hoped that the Spanish Augustinian Fathers, until recently in charge of North Hunan, would be able to continue their labors with our

spiritual care a population as large as the entire Greater New York, but scattered over an area as large as the three largest States of the New England group, the immense responsibility and tireless labors of the few priests who are in the field can be appreciated. In Greater New York there are approximately 1,000 priests, and in Hunan, only EIGHT.

When the day comes, and God knows, we hope it will be soon, that the support of the Chinese Missions will be solidly organized and there-

to realization "God's Kingdom on Earth."

America has received as a loan, the labors of zealous Missionaries from Spain, France, England, Ireland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and, indeed, from every European country in our colonial days, and the Missionaries of these days, went to Europe to collect for the POOR MISSIONS of America, and returned with MISSIONARIES and with MONEY to plant and keep alive the Faith here. It is now the opportune time, for the CHURCH of America to begin to cancel these



REV. FR. PAUL, C. P.

Fathers for some considerable time. The past few years of famine, however, have been disastrous to the thinning ranks of these heroic pioneers; in consequence the three Augustinians now with the Passionists must leave for other fields, to take the place of their own Fathers.

The Passionist would gladly send more missionaries at this time, but prudence forbids; for once the Fathers are there they must be supported, and their Mission needs must be supplied.

When it is recalled that the Passionists in China have under their



VERY REV. FR. DOMINIC, C. P.

fore continuous, the Superiors of the Passionist Fathers will gladly send more Missionaries. We need the support of the Catholic Laity of America, for reasons which shall be touched on in this article.

One of the marks of the TRUE CHURCH, is CATHOLICITY, which means that the Church is limited neither by time, nor space, nor race, but from Pole to Pole, from one end of the earth to the other, the universal cry is "one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism," and we who have been blessed by God above others, must do our part to bring



REV. FR. KEVIN, C. P.

LOANS, by giving of their MISSIONARIES, and the CATHOLIC LAITY, of THEIR MONEY, to support GOD'S WORK, where the "harvest is indeed ripe, but the laborers few".

The importance of this addition to the PASSIONISTS in China must be appraised in the encouragement or moral support it will give to the pioneers, rather than in the accession of numbers.

The coming of three brother priests just at the beginning of the severe winter in Hunan will mean a great deal to our young missionaries, and

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especially since Fathers Paul and Kevin are classmates of Fathers Flavian and Raphael, while Father Dominic as Rector for the past five years of St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, has been a father to all of them.

But we want to make this a relief trip in another way. When Father Timothy in his letter this month informs us that besides giving home and shelter to scores of women and children, he is daily feeding four hundred Chinese, we can fairly conclude that our missionaries' funds are disappearing rapidly.

Therefore, we appeal in their name to our readers for financial aid. We ask you to help us to send with this company of three money enough to bring joyful relief to the hearts of our priests and their poor people in the Far East.

We want your name to be among those who will be prayed for daily in all our missions in China. If the rice crop fails again in Hunan, every few dollars will mean the saving of a human life. If God blesses the harvest, your offerings will help to save human souls. It will enable the Passionist missionaries to purchase room in China for Jesus Christ. It will bring Him into the hearts and souls of those for whom He died, and neither He nor they will ever forget you.

Again this month we owe our communications from China to Fathers Raphael and Timothy. Father Raphael writes from Chenki:

"For the past week I have been in full charge of my mission. I could not begin to tell you how much one gains under the circumstances."

"You may smile when I say that the mere paying of my bills is a big experience. But just glimpse at the enclosed picture of some of my aban-

doned babies with their nurses, and you will understand. Twenty or thirty Chinese nurses come in every day to get money for their charges. Imagine my inquiring about baby's health, finding out just how much cash is needed, etc., etc., and all in Chinese."

"After observing the patience of these poor people in listening to my agonizing efforts in Chinese, I can testify that they have at least one virtue in its perfection."

"During the past two months I have taken in eighty abandoned babies at the Mission. Fifty of these died shortly after being baptized. This morning I baptized four infants who were left at the gate during the night."



A FEW OF THE ABANDONED BABIES

"Since the cholera began, there are numerous sick calls, and each one brings its own peculiar and valuable experience. My spare, very spare, free time is taken up with the study of Chinese."

"The other two pictures I am sending were taken just before our separation. You may remark that we wear our habits, instead of donning Chinese dress as the other religious are doing here. It was feared that the Chinese might not understand how we could dress differently from other Catholic priests here, but the experiment has proved most successful and now nobody seems scandalized or even surprised to see our religious garb on the city streets."

"Before I left for Chenki the little lad shown in the picture could read

my badge in Latin and then translate the words into his own language. He delighted in coming up to me, pointing to the crucifix on my beads and saying "Yayzoe Cruzon"—"Jesus on the Cross."

"Perhaps you are wondering how the fighting in China is affecting us. Despite the fact that we are about 1000 miles from the scenes of activity, we are continually experiencing some of the necessary evils of war. The whole country is overrun with soldiers who are poorly paid or not at all. The result is that when a soldier wants anything he simply takes it. The ordinary people fear them and make little or no resistance. Thus the terms 'soldier' and 'robber' have become synonymous in China."

"After the war, whenever that may be, General Wu Pei Fu intends to disband the enormous armies, and it is commonly feared that the soldiers will take to their guns and the "Bandit Business" simultaneously."

"This danger can be averted if, as General

Wu Pei Fu suggested, these men are put to building public roads, and at the same time the country will be wonderfully benefited. The lack of good highways is a curse to China. Until they are made, her wealth will remain inactive, and she will ever be subject to famine and other widespread evils which could thus be easily averted."

"While speaking of the robbers I might mention that the Stars and Stripes are greatly respected by them, as by all the Chinese. We always hoist Old Glory on our sampans, and doubtless this fact, together with the good prayers of our friends in America, has thus far kept us out of the bandits' clutches."

"The Conference in Washington, too, has done much to make relations

THE † SIGN

between China and America most friendly. The Shantung Question has proved to the Chinese that America's interest in her is unselfish, and that we are not all "foreign devils." This will have its fruit in the missions here, and it is evident that the future of the Church in China lies largely with the United States.

"FATHER RAPHAEL, C. P."

Father Timothy's letter from Yuan Chow was written after he had been alone in his Mission for ten days. Father Hippolito was at Kieniang, thirty miles away over the mountains. Father Timothy writes:

"I do not expect to see Padre until the end of next week. He shall then be accompanied by Father Celestine, who has been very brave indeed to undertake a little visitation of the Mission at this particular time of the year."

"I have heard and spoken nothing but Chinese during the past ten days. It is by far the best way to be broken in. The language is coming slowly but surely, and I give to it daily all the time I can. Yesterday I baptized an infant and did all the necessary questioning in Chinese. It made me feel just a wee bit proud. I suppose I shall soon forget what English sounds like."

"One day before the Padre left, I, without thinking, asked him a question in English. Immediately I experienced the queerest sensation as though I had broken silence during "forbidden times," or had committed some grave sin, and Father Hippolito looked at me, too, as if I had done something terrible. At first I could not make out what the trouble was. Then it dawned on me, and we both had a good laugh. His peculiar expression of surprise had been caused by the consternation on my own face, and he had only been trying to discover what was wrong with me. Isn't it awful when the sound of one's own language causes such a fright?"

"But to come to more serious matters, I almost fear to write the truth

about this Mission. Daily matters go from bad to worse, and one is in perpetual agony when he sees all the misery about him and realizes how very little of it he can alleviate."

"At present we are distributing rice to four hundred pagans every day. We have about forty women and young girls quartered at the Mission. The little Orphanage or Divine Infancy which I started has more babies than it can handle. The poor little tots are more dead than alive when we receive them, and it would seem that God has spared them just long enough to don the nuptial robes of Baptismal Innocence. Happy little thieves of Heaven!"

"Then daily as we go through the streets, we meet many little children lying in the blazing sun in their last agony and already half devoured by

a crowd of poor wretches begging alms. They seem more like skeletons than human beings."

Mothers kill their babes rather than see them suffer a lingering death. Only this past week one woman was brought to us, and the magistrate asked us to give her a ticket for rice, telling us that they had just rescued her baby from the river. She preferred to have it drown than starve. There have even been undoubted cases of cannibalism here, where the Chinese were so crazed with hunger that they had killed one of their number to obtain food."

"Then to add to the general misery, twice last week the bandits came down from the mountains and stormed the Eastern gate of the city, burning and destroying property outside the wall. They came without

warning to wreak vengeance for some of their companions who had been killed in a pitched battle outside the city with the soldiers. It is a daily occurrence for several of these bandits to be beheaded along the river near the Mission. They go to death like martyrs and are very often reputed as gods by the people and always by their fellow robbers. They have absolutely no fear of death. In one year over one thousand were summarily executed

here in Yuan Chow; but their numbers are increasing alarmingly."

"Now we are expecting another more serious attack, because a few days ago their commander-in-chief was captured through treachery, and executed. Some of these chieftains have thousands of men under command in regular military fashion. Very often when the leaders make peace with the government, their men are all made regular soldiers."

"Only last January several thousands of these robbers besieged Yuan Chow for more than a week. They had the town cut off from all water supplies and pestilence broke out, causing much hardship and misery. Since that time, Father Francis, a young man of the Augustinians, who



ONE OF OUR JUNIOR SIGN-ERS

the multifarious flies and insects of the Orient. We baptize the dying infants immediately and are then forced to leave them. We have done all that is in our power. Would that we had a Dispensary or a Hospital, but as it is we have about forty people in a space which should hold only six or seven. We have tried to get a larger place, but there have been many difficulties and I am now more than a month trying to procure something suitable.

"All day long we are besieged by beggars who sit at the door and raise the most piteous cries asking us to have pity on them and their children. In the relief stations hereabout the daily death rate averages eight hundred. We are followed constantly by

THE † SIGN

was here with Father Hippolito, has never been the same, and on my arrival here, he went to Hankow, completely broken in health. These are a few of the things that I dislike to write about.

"But God makes up for it all in other ways, and our work is most consoling. He has allowed me the happiness of expelling idols from houses and then blessing the dwellings and erecting pictures of our Blessed Mother instead. I have heard my first Confession in Chinese, being able to learn enough to give absolution to a young girl in danger of death, and afterwards I confirmed her and gave her Extreme Unction. If I had stayed at home I would never have been able to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. I have had a funeral, and have carried the Blessed Sacrament twice to the sick during the past week.

"The first of these trips was a joy beyond description. It was thrilling to walk through the crowded streets of our little pagan city in the early hours of the morning with Our Dear Lord concealed in the folds of my habit. This was only the second time Our Sacramental Lord ever walked the streets of Yuan Chow. As He rested over my heart I kept whispering to Him and begging Him to grant that through the efforts of my ministry and those who come after me, we may some day bring all these poor people to the foot of His Cross.

"Every evening the women and children of the Catechumenate come to recite their prayers and Catechism before me. Ordinarily Padre had them morning and evening with an instruction afterwards. I am too busy, however, to have them in the

morning, and needless to say I am not yet able to give any instruction in Chinese. But I manage to follow them in the Catechism and to give a word of encouragement. It will be some time before I dare to hear Confession, except in case of necessity. All the time I can spare I give to my studies. I have made a regular little observance for myself which I do my best to follow.

"Please pardon the mistakes I have made in this letter. The only time I get to write is after supper, and then I am half asleep. Throughout the whole day the Chinese are in and out of our rooms. We think our house is cool, but the average temperature inside is ninety or more, and the real hot season is not here yet.

need of them, for there are no material comforts of any kind here."

"The rickety old house in which I live is leased, and shortly the lease expires. The Rt. Rev. Bishop does not wish me to renew it because the house is suitable neither for a residence nor a chapel. The truth is, in America, the poorest of the poor would not think of living in such a miserable shack; and many stables are palatial in comparison with this house."

"Where I shall go when the lease expires, I know not, and as far as I am concerned, I care not. But the refugees who have come to me for shelter and protection, these I cannot abandon; a home must be found for them. We pray daily to Our Loving Father in heaven to provide a home for us, and we have perfect confidence that He will hear the cry of His children."

"Our Catholics and Catechumens are very happy in spite of their many trials. They prize their religion above all else, and they accept its teachings with simple faith, — a bandage is removed from their eyes — they see. A child does not confide more utterly in its parents than these poor people do in the priest and in God's Providence over them.

Although they see all about them the severe ravages wrought by the famine, their faith fails not, rather it grows stronger and more lively."

"If I only could speak their language with facility, I am certain that I could do much good amongst these good people. As it is, I am giving them what assistance I can."

"You who read these lines, please pray for us, and for our work.

FR. TIMOTHY, C. P.



A BELATED TRIBUTE TO THE FATHERS OF THE MAYNOOTH IRISH MISSION

"When I write again I shall be able to say just how successful the rice crop will be this year. I feel sure that God is going to bless it, as everything so far looks most encouraging. Just keep to the prayers and we will win out."

"Of the consolations that have come to me, perhaps I should not speak, yet gratitude compels me to confess that 'the God of all consolation' has been wonderfully generous with me. And truly, I have

THE † SIGN

WHILE acknowledging on this page the donations of money for the Missions in China, we must not neglect to register our appreciation and sincere thanks to the many Rev. Pastors who have so graciously permitted the Fathers about to leave for China, to make a personal appeal to their congregations. These good people have vied with one another in contributing generously to the collections taken up in their churches.

Just as sincere and heart-felt is our gratitude to those zealous Religious Sisters who have sent Vestments, Missals, Ciboria and Altar-Linens, gifts

which are most welcome, at this time, as they supply pressing needs, of the Missionaries.

Nor can we overlook the generous laity, who have responded so generously to our appeal to help

defray the expenses of the three Fathers who are soon to depart for the Field Afar!

Finally, we thank the good God who has infused into the hearts of our kind benefactors the generous spirit that has prompted their gifts to our Missionaries, and we ask Him to bestow His choicest blessings upon them, the while we pray Him to bless all and return the gifts a hundred fold and more.

These Benefactors are remembered each day in the prayers and Masses of the Passionist Missionaries in China as well by their Christians and Cathecumens, who owe much to Americans.



THIS CLASS OF ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL
Pittsburgh, Pa., Contributed or Collected \$100 for the
Chinese Missions in Less Than One Year.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made for donations received to September 9th, for the Chinese Missions and for the relief of the Famine Sufferers:

Alabama: Burkville—M. H., 5.00. California: Sonora—J. O., 10.00. Connecticut: Sound Beach—C. & C., 5.00. Iowa: Davenport—M. S., 5.00. Kentucky: Louisville—N. M., 10.00; M. M., 5.00. Maryland: Baltimore—G. C., 20.00; Cumberland—E. W., 10.00. Massachusetts: Boston—R. A. A., 100.00; Brighton—B. D., 5.00; Cambridge—T. O., 2.00; Haverhill—Mrs. M. M., 15.00; Medford—M. R., 1.00; Roxbury—J. S., 7.00; S. Cambridge—B. R., 10.00. Michigan: Detroit—P. S., 2.00; Erexville—Mrs. M. T., 5.00. Missouri: St. Louis—Mrs. F. T., 4.00; M. E., 10.00. New Hampshire: Claremont—E. C., 25.00. New Jersey: Audubon—A. McG., 3.00; Belleville—Mrs. C. M., 2.00; Elizabeth—Mrs. J. K., 1.00; East Orange—K. G. K., 5.00; W. J. D., 3.00; Hoboken—H. F. J., 3.00; C. H., 13.35; G., 1.00; A Friend, 1.00; Jersey City—Mrs. J. R., 10.00; M. McH., 2.00; Mrs. E. D., 3.00; M. T., 5.00; M. K., 5.00; Mr. E. D., 5.00; Miss F. R., 5.00; A. R., 10.00; H. R.,

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"Have pity on me! Have pity on me, at least you, my friends!"

A pious remembrance is requested, in the prayers and good works of the readers of THE SIGN, on behalf of the souls of the following, recently called hence by the stroke of death.

Sister Mary Joseph McCabe
Sister Mary Galvin
Thomas Brady
Edward Drohon
John O'Neill

Mrs. M. McKeon
Mary McIntyre
Mrs. Frances L. Campbell
Mrs. Byrnes
Mr. Goggin

Albert J. Marks
Nora Sheridean
Mrs. Catherine Mackin
Francis X. Graessle

Index to Worthwhile Reading

High Benton, Worker, William Heyliger. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.75. Boys about to enter the business world may read High Benton, Worker, with profit. The story centres around a conscientious, industrious, country lad, who is sent by his firm to the city office to learn salesmanship. He attends strictly to business and "gets on" admirably. He overcomes the trials and temptations consequent upon his new life with courage and constancy.

The supreme test comes when Olaf Gunderson, a rabid revolutionist, and Red Potter, a scheming politician agitate and eventually effect a strike. Benton is at first inclined to sympathize with the strike movement but he soon realizes the utter folly and downright injustice of the whole thing and acts according to this knowledge. The author weaves into the story some sane, just views on the morality of the strike. The "Tarkan-Boylert Family," sharing its profits with its workers and treating them more as children than as slaves is certainly the solution of the strike problem.

The plot is constructed with some skill and worked out in a fairly logical manner. It is difficult to understand how a city so near to the great metropolis of New York, as "Rock City" evidently is, should depend upon one, lone, paper to form its public sentiment!

There is a love affair introduced into the story, decidedly introduced and quite incidental to the main plot. The girl is forever running away from Benton—quite unusual in the love affairs of an honest, industrious, "rising" young man!

We are not told whether Benton ever said a prayer or entered a church. His correct manner of living seems to be the result of purely natural virtues. This is very well and good as far as it goes but it does not go far enough. We are created for heaven, not for earth. Our lives, be they ever so successful from a worldly point of view, are

vain, shallow, empty, unless sincerely motivated by the principles of the One, Great Master Who has gone to prepare a place in the kingdom of His Father for those only who regulate their actions by the supreme norm of the divinely revealed Will.

The "Summa Theologica," of St. Thomas Aquinas, Q. Q. LXXX-C; and CI-CXL. Two Volumes, \$3.00 each.

The English Dominican Fathers continue to perform in a conscientious, scholarly manner the gigantic task which they have so laudably undertaken—that of translating into English the immortal "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas.

Of the two latest volumes published, the first treats of the virtue of Religion and the vices opposed to this virtue; the second treats of various moral virtues and their contrary vices. Both are attractive in appearance, they are printed in large, readable type; and the Latin of the angelic Doctor is translated into excellent English.

Of the contents of these volumes more than this need not be said, that they reveal a superman, whose vision of speculative truth, and whose ability to express this truth in understandable terms has yet to be equalled. They reveal a superman, heroically endeavoring to construct a solid, symmetrical system of positive theology—a perfect harmony of religion. There are flaws here and there, sometimes rather grievous ones, which necessitate the conviction that St. Thomas *was* a superman, not an angel, gifted with inerrancy. Yet, when one considers the time in which St. Thomas lived and the meagre materials at his disposal, one marvels not that there are flaws, but that there are so few, and that his system as a whole so nearly approaches perfection.

Freemasonry. Lucian Johnston, S. T. L. International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. Five Cents.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the attitude of the Catholic Church towards Freemasonry has ever been one of utter condemnation. But the reason for such condemnation is not so well known; in fact it is a matter of common ignorance. The average American Freemason will tell you that he has been a member of this or that lodge for years, and that in all that time he has never heard a word spoken derogatory to the Catholic Church.

In an admirable little pamphlet of 24 pages, Fr. Johnston dispels this common ignorance of the nature and aim of the most perfidious, insidious, and diabolical society in the world today. In language that is clear, forcible and strictly logical the author proves that Freemasonry is a philosophic, religious organization, claiming to teach only "pure religion" and to be "superior to all existing creeds"; that it considers Christianity to be a "corruption of the original pure religion"—hence, to be done away with; and that it is the depository of divine revelation, and that "the Bible contains drivelling foolishness."

Fr. Johnston also explains in what manner the average mason is kept in ignorance of the real nature and hellish purpose of "the craft". The pamphlet affords invaluable information on the vital subject of Freemasonry which every Catholic, not to say every "average mason", should possess.

St. Michael's Almanac. Mission Press. Techny, Ill. 25 cents. **Catholic Home Annual.** Benziger Brothers. New York. 25 cents.

Both of these year books are gotten up in attractive fashion and contain, besides many admirable short stories and excellent articles on various interesting subjects, convenient religious data regarding the feasts and fasts of the ecclesiastical year, 1923, which will prove very useful in the Catholic home.



To Our Readers

THE past month was a very busy one in the office of THE SIGN, receiving and recording RENEWALS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. On account of the volume of work, some few errors occurred, which we regret and for which we ask the indulgence of our FRIENDS.

We are most grateful for the RENEWALS, and for the KIND WORDS spoken in praise of THE SIGN.

We are waiting to hear from others, who perhaps do not realize that a year has passed since they gave their subscription.

Subscribers may always know when their subscription expires if they will refer to the last stencilled notation on the wrapper, beneath their name and address, thus *Sept. 22, Oct. 22*, indicates that the subscription expires in SEPTEMBER, 1922, or OCTOBER, 1922.

We deeply regret that owing to delay in forwarding renewals, many will not receive the September number. Our supply is entirely exhausted and we will gladly extend the subscriptions of those subscribers who must suffer this loss. Our receipt for renewal received is your guarantee that plaque will be sent you, provided your subscription has not lapsed prior to renewal. Subscriptions lapse thirty days after date appearing on wrapper.

Subscribers are requested to communicate with THE SIGN, when they do not receive the magazine promptly, or when for any other reason there is cause for complaint. We are always grateful for such, and it makes it possible for us to correct the error or mistake. Always give NAME (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and CORRECT POST OFFICE ADDRESS.

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THE SIGN
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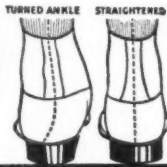
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OF

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WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

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RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds - - -	\$1,692,229.39
Mortgages - - -	703,170.53
Loans (Demand and Time) - -	262,550.00
Bills Purchased - - -	883,497.23
Banking House - - -	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures - - -	1.00
Cash on Hand - - -	73,519.26
Due from Banks - - -	103,772.51
Other Assets - - -	24,764.80

\$3,828,745.94

LIABILITIES

Capital - - -	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - -	255,413.64
Deposits - - -	3,473,332.30

\$3,828,745.94

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